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BY A SUMMER SEA.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

THE silver question is not an easy one, and those who are really masters of any currency question are few. Public opinion upon such questions is really decided by certain general principles, and very largely by the weight of character and the reputation of those who are known to be masters of the subject. They are therefore very difficult and dangerous questions for politicians to handle; and as party platforms are made by politicians, they are quite likely to prove to be exceedingly injurious to the party prospects. From this point of view the two Ohio platforms are interesting studies. They are moves in a party game, and it cannot be denied that the Republicans have the advantage. The framers of both platforms saw that the chief appeal of the campaign would be made to the farmers. The farmers, especially at the West, have been pinched, and they have been told by the party leaders and orators on both sides that they need more money. This they do not doubt, and free coinage of silver is represented to them as the panacea. The politicians at once echo the cry and fear it. It is nevertheless in great part a trade cry raised by those who have silver to sell. But it is a cry so loud that the Senate, under Republican leadership, passed a free-coinage bill, and Western Republican Senators, STEWART, JONES, PLUMB, WOLCOTT, and TELLER, are the active free-silver leaders.

On the other hand, the one public man in the country who is a generally trusted authority upon this question, as upon other questions of finance, is Senator SHERMAN, an unwavering Republican. It was not an advantage for the party that he was pointedly slighted at the Ohio Republican Convention for ex-Governor FORAKER. The Convention, however, made a skilful deliverance upon the silver question. The leaders knew the farming interest in that question, but naturally magnified it. They saw that they must retain the sympathy of the farmers without alienating the sound conservative opinion of the State and the country, and therefore, laying the whole emphasis upon an apparent advocacy of "the people's money," they said in their platform,

> "We approve the coinage act by which the great product of the silver mines is added to the currency of the people, and out of which experiment may come a wise adjustment of financial questions liberal toward Western interests."

Whether the tendency of that act is or is not toward a silver basis, this declaration was substantially a declaration against free silver coinage. It was a sagacious but veiled appeal to the honest-money sentiment. Mr. SHERMAN supported the action of the Convention, and after its adjournment wrote an admirable letter, from which the Republicans cannot safely permit their national declaration of next year to depart. The advantageous position of the party was evident, and the *Evening Post*, before the meeting of the Ohio Democratic Convention, gave an emphatic note of warning. "It is necessary to tell the Ohio Democrats that they can do more damage to their party in the East than all their leaders can repair if they commit themselves to the free coinage of silver and the consequent demonetization of gold." The *Post* contemplated such an event as possibly, if not probably, alienating the Eastern contingent of the Democratic party, and assuring national defeat next year.

But the Ohio Democratic Convention voted down the following declaration by a majority of 99 out of 600:

> "We believe in honest money, the coinage of gold and silver, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss, and we oppose all legislation which tends to drive either gold or silver out of circulation, and we believe in maintaining the coinage of both metals on a parity."

Rejecting this, it adopted instead the majority report of its committee, demanding the "reinstatement of the constitutional standard of both gold and silver, with the equal right of each to free and unlimited coinage." The vote showed a difference of opinion, but the action is decisive. It recalls to every voter the fact that the danger to the currency has been usually and very much more decidedly marked on the Democratic than on the Republican side. It is a kind of defiance to the friends of honest money. But it is also a warning which will be felt in the campaign of next year. Undoubtedly the vote of every intelligent and independent citizen depends on a balance of considerations which are not to be predetermined. But it does not follow that a man will vote for a chance to revise the tariff if his vote is also to count for debasing the currency. Those who desire a reasonable tariff do not wish it more earnestly than a sound currency.

A POLITICIAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

EX-SECRETARY BOUTWELL has been always opposed to civil service reform. He recently contributed a statement of his views upon the subject to the Boston *Globe*, which is of importance only as it gave Mr. LYMAN, the President of the National Commission, an opportunity of answering the ex-Secretary's objections, and once more stating the truth. Mr. BOUTWELL was a sincere and consistent adherent of the old spoils system. He once said, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, that he believed when a party carried the election it meant to turn out not only the Secretary of the Treasury, but the messenger by his chair and the porter at his door. When he was asked if he thought that such a purpose was wise for the party or good for the country, it was clear that such a question had never presented itself to his mind. At another time he said that he thought a Secretary of the Treasury could select his subordinates much better than they could be selected for him. But when he was asked whether he thought that his view was true of the minor clerks, and whether in their case he must not depend upon the recommendation of members of Congress, and whether he thought they would recommend appointments for fitness only, or for something else, he smiled and answered, "Well, perhaps."

But when the Secretary was asked whether, in saying that a Secretary ought to appoint his subordinates, he meant that he would appoint them only for legitimate reasons, he said, "Why not?" To this it was answered that even in case of the death of his most important subordinate, he, as Secretary of the Treasury, would not be a free agent in appointing his successor. He would be obliged to select among candidates submitted to him by powerful Senators of his party; and he assented, adding that the Senators, however, would consider the interest of the party. But when asked what constitutional right Senators and Representatives—except the former in acting upon nominations—had to meddle with executive functions, he smiled again, and said that under our system it was inevitable. "Could we not change the system?" "Perhaps," answered the Secretary, politely, as if he meant, "Possibly in another creation."

Ex-Secretary BOUTWELL and public men of his generation and training regard the movement for civil service reform as CLAY and CASS and the men of their time regarded the antislavery agitation. They saw in it only a disturbance of the Union and sectional disorder. Mr. BOUTWELL and the party politicians of his school see in civil service reform only the loosening of party ties and the destruction of party discipline. As the elder men could not see in the antislavery crusade a closer and peaceful and happier union, the later cannot see the truer function of party and the self-respect and honor of the public service, which are the inevitable result of civil service reform.

CAPITAL EXECUTIONS.

PUBLIC executions had become such public scandals, such scenes of debauchery, riot, and disorder, that many years ago in England, and generally in this country, they were abolished. To ride in a kind of popular triumph to Tyburn, with a huge bouquet upon his breast, and after a confession to the surging crowd to be "turned off" gallantly at the tree, was the fate of JACK SHEPPARD and his kind, and instead of a moral corrective, an execution was an incitement to crime by investing the criminal with a mock-heroic glamour. The same scene was familiar in this country. The culprit, in a new suit of clothes, was driven through the town, surrounded by a running, yelling crowd, to the outskirts where the gallows was erected, and there, amid a drunken, ribald, roistering multitude, swearing and shouting, the awful act of execution was accomplished. Humanity and decency at last intervened, and ordained that executions should be private, in the presence of authorized witnesses. But the frequent bungling and uncertainty of the details, resulting in scenes of frightful suffering and horror, suggested that the modern advance of invention in the application of deadly forces might supply a method of swift and certain death which would fulfil without torture the purpose of the law.

Extended and careful inquiry, under the authority of the State of New York, led to a report and proposition, and finally to legislation providing for execution by electricity as at once an instant and painless death. It was an innovation, and therefore aroused opposition. When at last a man was sentenced to death under the new law, every form of legal delay was invoked. The case was argued and appealed from court to court. Great legal ability was enlisted and execution was delayed, until it was surmised that the contest had become a strife between rival electrical companies. Finally an execution was appointed, and when it occurred it was alleged, not without apparent reason, that in some manner it had been imperfect. The controversy was imbittered by certain provisions of the law regarding the circumstances of the execution. The commission of inquiry was aware, in common with all intelligent persons, that the old mischiefs of a public execution had been continued by a maudlin newspaper sentimentality concerning capital criminals. Reporters "wrote up" personal accounts of the criminals in the most sensational manner, making them the heroes of romantic tragedy of the most demoralizing kind. The morbid curiosity which was thus sedulously cultivated and gratified was a public evil. The commission and the law proceeded upon the conviction that the public desired to know only that in a lawful manner the convict had been promptly and painlessly executed. For this purpose nothing more was necessary than the presence of a certain and adequate number of intelligent and professionally scientific witnesses, and their sworn report, and so far as possible no further publication than that of the properly attested facts.

In strict obedience to this law, four persons were lately executed at Sing Sing prison, in New York. A medical certificate was immediately prepared by scientific men present, reciting the circumstances of the execution, the behavior of the condemned, the fact of painless and immediate death, and the result of the autopsy which followed at once. The certificate attested the good order and decorum which prevailed throughout the solemn scene, and declared that the result, in the opinion of the witnesses, proved that execution by electricity is superior to any other yet devised. The certificate was signed by twenty reputable citizens—clergymen, physicians, and others—known to great numbers of persons. There is no suspicion that it was not a perfectly authentic statement, and it would be very surprising if the intelligent people of New York did not prefer such an execution of their will in capital cases, with all its circumstances, including the suppression of the sensational accounts in the newspapers. That people, of course, if they choose, may restore the old public execution, but we believe they will prefer the swift and sure death inflicted under the most solemn and impressive and deterrent circumstances.

SECTARIAN INDIAN SCHOOLS.

IT is the misfortune of the Roman Catholic Church in this country that it seeks to control education. The misfortune lies in the fact that its purpose leads to constant irritation of public feeling and dispute, because the people of the United States are resolved that no Church shall control education. Every sect is, of course, free to establish schools at its own cost for the instruction of such children as may be sent to them. But the use of public money to sustain such schools is contrary to public feeling and policy. This is well understood in the States of the Union, but it does not prevent a continuous effort, under various pleas, to secure public aid for private or sectarian institutions. No Church among us has so definite a purpose and so thorough an organization to extend its sway as the Roman Church. It is untiring and able and plausible, and its efforts, outside of its proper pale as a religious communion, must

be watched as unremittingly and met as firmly as those of any other Church or association of any kind would be.

There is no complete or consistent system of education in the Indian Department as there is in the States. There are still mission schools maintained by different denominations besides the government schools, and public money is appropriated to aid them. The theory seems to be that it is more economical for the government to unite with the sects than to maintain the schools independently, like other public schools. The results of such a system in the States can be readily perceived, and it is a source of constant feeling and anxiety in the Indian Department. In 1889 forty per cent. of the appropriation for Indian education, which was less than one million and a half, was given to the sectarian schools. Of this sum, which was $554,558, the Catholic schools received $347,689. For the next year they will receive about $400,000. The purpose of these schools primarily, as it was in the early Jesuit missions in Canada, is to make Roman Catholics, rather than American citizens. We do not mean that unpatriotic sentiments or feelings are inculcated. But the object is ecclesiastical and sectarian. That is the chief interest, and for that purpose the organization is thorough. This is something very foreign to our general policy, and it should be generally understood. But it is not. Probably very few persons who have not especial reasons for knowing understand our scheme of Indian education.

The subject is apt to be dismissed with the remark that education under Catholic auspices and with sectarian purposes is better than none. But this is not really the alternative or the question, unless we choose that it shall be. The question is, why should the public pay for making Catholics or Methodists or Presbyterians? In 1889 we appropriated $1,364,568 for education among the Indians. Why should a dollar of that sum be spent for a sectarian purpose? And if it is not large enough to maintain necessary schools properly, would it not be much better for the country to spend twice as much rather than to save a million or two dollars by sustaining a sectarian instruction which, as sectarian, is repugnant to the spirit of our institutions? The zeal of the various sects would doubtless lead them to maintain mission schools among the Indians as among the Hindoos and the Chinese, and in our own great cities. But the partnership of the government of the United States with religious sects should be ended as soon as possible.

CHANCES OF THE AUTUMN.

It appears that the report of a conversation with Mr. Blaine about his health, to which we alluded last week as published in the *Tribune*, was a forgery, and has been disclaimed by the *Tribune*. Senator Hale, however, was reported in the *Herald* as saying that the misrepresentations of Mr. Blaine's condition were malicious slanders, and the usual telegraphic statements of his rapid progress toward recovery have appeared. It is a matter of public interest, and we still think it unfortunate that no responsible professional bulletin has been published.

There is no doubt that in the general uncertainty, and with the tendency to believe that the Secretary is seriously ill, his name is dropped from the political speculations for next year. No new Republican name appears, and the renomination of Mr. Harrison, as we said last week, seems to be assured. Unexpected results of the elections of the autumn, however, would probably recast the programme. General Democratic success would produce a Republican dark horse. A change would be considered indispensable, and the Republican party would be inclined to follow the course recently taken in Massachusetts—to invite from party leaders suggestions of the issues upon which the party could most hopefully conduct the campaign.

A general Republican victory would undoubtedly secure the nomination of Mr. Harrison, and dispose the Democrats to look about for a new issue. Indeed, a general Republican victory, reversing the result of last year, would be so significant that the Democrats will have shown themselves exceedingly unwise in defying the sound financial view of the country, as in their Ohio platform. The actual situation shows how very doubtful is the issue of next year's election, and gives peculiar interest to party movements this year.

MR. QUAY'S RESIGNATION.

A report of an interview with Senator Quay is published, in which he says that the labors of the next campaign are at hand, and he does not care to undertake them, but is not yet willing to say positively that he will resign the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. In a later telegram he says that his resignation is probable. Evidently he does not imagine that the committee would displace him; and does anybody else? Yet the whole Republican party sees that the Republican State of Pennsylvania gave Harrison in 1888 a plurality of 79,452 over the Democratic candidate for President, and in 1890 gave the Democratic candidate for Governor 16,554 plurality over the Republican candidate.

This result was due to a Republican protest against the leadership of Mr. Quay on the ground of official delinquency, frankly stated, and a similar protest has been again issued this year on the ground that Mr. Quay's explanation is futile. Yet has there been any sign to show that the Republican organization represented by Messrs. Clarkson and Platt, for instance, takes any other view of the protest than that expressed by Mr. Quay, that the signers of it are Democrats? Even Mr. Robert T. Lincoln took pains to deplore it, and President Harrison still befriends Mr. Quay. Is there any reason to suppose, therefore, that if Mr. Quay should choose to remain chairman, the committee would depose him?

But if Mr. Quay should resign, there need be no misunderstanding. Whatever the National Committee might or might not do, he would have been shamed out of his office by public sentiment. It is a sentiment shared by many Republicans, and occasionally it finds expression in a newspaper allusion. By most reputable fellow-citizens in his own city, who prove their sincerity by their votes, and by newspapers that solicit prosecutions for libel, he is charged with definite offences. There are living witnesses who could at once disprove the charges, reinstate Mr. Quay in public confidence, cover his accusers with confusion, and punish them by exemplary damages. But he does not appeal to the courts, summon the witnesses, and stand absolved. His fellow-citizens again condemn him. If he should resign, it will be because he believes the country agrees with them.

AN ADMIRABLE APPOINTMENT.

No better appointment has been made by the present administration than that of Mr. John M. Comstock, of New York, to be chief of the Customs Division of the Treasury Department. Mr. Comstock is a man of great sagacity and ability, who has been long in the public service, and has acquired an invaluable experience. He is, in fact, a past master in the customs service, and his present promotion is the reward of approved merit. It is precisely the kind of appointment which, in the public interest, ought always to be made.

In entering upon his new duties Mr. Comstock has resigned his position as a member of the Board of Civil Service Examiners for the customs service of New York. This place he has held since the law went into effect; and to Naval Officer Burt, and his special deputy Mr. Comstock, both of them most earnest and intelligent friends of reform, upon whom fell much of the duty of organizing and superintending the operation of the reformed system in New York, its practical success is largely due. It is not too much to say that in practice it owes more to those two gentlemen than to any other. In accepting Mr. Comstock's resignation, Mr. Lyman, president of the national commission, says:

"The commission desires to express its high estimate of the value of your services as a member of the Board of Examiners, and during the larger part of the time as its chairman, from its organization in 1883 to the present time, and its thorough appreciation of the intelligence, integrity, ability, and loyal devotion to the cause of civil service reform which have characterized your connection with the board, and with the larger work of the commission."

Mr. Comstock's appointment is an illustration of a civil service conducted upon reform principles. In character, ability, and fitness he is the man for the place. He owes his appointment to no influence or favor or extrinsic consideration, but solely to his qualifications. The spoilsmen—men like Mr. Clarkson, who cuts off heads, and Mr. Platt, who says that he loves him for cutting them off—would have removed Mr. Comstock long ago, and replaced him with some trusty henchman who packed party caucuses and organized party clubs. Those acts, however useful, do not qualify men for valuable public service, and it is because that fact is more and more generally acknowledged that civil service reform is more and more generally approved.

AT BAIREUTH.

The annual performance of Wagner's operas at Baireuth, in Germany, under the general direction of Frau Wagner, seems to show no decline of enthusiasm. This is evident from the report in the New York *Times*:

"As regards the music of *Parsifal*, I have come to the conclusion, after hearing it seven times at three festivals, that it is not only the most marvellously constructed score in existence, but that in it Wagner's ideal union of music, poetry, action, and scenic or pictorial effect comes nearer perfect realization than even in *Siegfried*. Never was his imagination more creative than when he penned *Parsifal*, at the age of sixty-seven, and the song of the flower maidens is still as fresh and spontaneous as that of the sirens in *Tannhaüser*, and of the Rhine maidens in the Trilogy."

This is the key of the description. The *Tribune* report says that the performance in general left a deep impression. The audience, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, listened with rapt attention until the close, then broke out into tumultuous applause. Time, however, has left its mark on Materna's voice and figure. "She is too stout for the temptation scene in the second act," alas! But Van Dyck, as Parsifal, "is ideal in voice and appearance."

The *Times* report says:

"The strained attitude of attention was most agreeably relieved by the intermissions of an hour between each act, when the excited audience poured out of the theatre into the adjoining gardens, and gave expression to their pent-up emotions while restoring nature with copious draughts of the best beer in Germany."

This enthusiasm, which brings pilgrims from every civilized country to a small German town to see operas performed, is quite without precedent. There is nothing like it in the annals of any other opera. Even the Italian opera, with its most famous singers, offers nothing to rival this; and it is curious that our own Metropolitan Opera-house, in which this music has been presented with success only second, perhaps, to that of Baireuth, should have decided to set it aside and restore the Italian opera.

It will be an interesting experiment. But can the management hope for an audience full of the enthusiasm which draws multitudes to Baireuth? When Jenny Lind was enchanting this country, it was amusing, but a little absurd, to hear certain critics say that she was a novelty, and could sing some Northern songs with striking ventriloquial effects, but when we come to speak of high art and the grand manner, you know—! The experience of the last few years would seem to show that musical taste has changed from the days of Palmo's opera-house, and even of the Astor Place opera. But whether the plan be to disprove that conclusion, or, admitting it, to turn the taste back again, the experiment will still be interesting.

PERSONAL.

Walter Crane, the artist, who is so well known by his illustrations in children's toy books, although his reputation has not depended alone on work of this character, lives almost in the heart of London. From his garden, filled with old apple, pear, and cherry trees, and the old-fashioned flowers which still hold places of honor in English floriculture, he has drawn the inspiration of many of his pictures. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Crane was a boy at work in a London engraving shop, and one of his earliest ambitions was to visit the Zoological Gardens to make studies for a book on natural history which his employer was preparing. Now his hands are full, and his quick conception and wonderful originality are kept alert by the different classes of work he has to do.

—Driving a speedy horse is so pleasant and healthful a recreation that one is not surprised to learn that Robert Bonner has spent $600,000 of his ample means in following the advice his physician gave him thirty-five years ago. The money has been used in acquiring the fastest trotters in this country, and consequently in the world, and among his pets have been numbered such equine kings and queens as Dexter, Edwin Forest, Joe Elliott, Rarus, Maud S., and Sunol. No speedier collection of horses than those on his farm at Tarrytown has ever been gathered anywhere, and it is doubtful if there ever will be again, for few persons possess Mr. Bonner's taste for fast horses, or the means to gratify it so fully if the taste existed.

—Ex-Senator Edmunds lives in a large and well-shaded brick house in Burlington, Vermont, and is very domestic in his habits and tastes. When he drives out with his family he rides in a carriage of modern make, drawn by fine horses; but when he goes alone, he jogs along in an old express wagon behind a middle-aged gray horse, which loves to nibble the grass by the way-side while the Senator exchanges views on the crops with his farmer acquaintances. Senator Edmunds is an expert angler, and his success with the rod, whether he seeks for luck on the lake or among the trout brooks, is proverbial. He is also a good shot, and now that he has laid aside the cares of public life, he seems to be enjoying himself fully among his old neighbors in the Green Mountain State.

—Few men in Chicago have made a stronger impress on the city's affairs than F. E. Stone, founder of the *Daily News*, and the life of that paper while he was connected with it. He was the son of a Methodist minister, and while a very young man was "down on his luck," and had to earn his living as a bell-hanger. Finally he drifted to Chicago, and became a newspaper reporter. With other ambitious scribes, he started a penny sensational newspaper, which was in imminent danger of failing because, as was frequently the case in Western cities in those days, there were no pennies in use. Mr. Stone, however, imported a quantity of the coins, peddled them among the business men, and got them into circulation. Then the *News* boomed. Some time afterwards Mr. Stone brought Victor F. Lawson into the company, and with new blood and larger capital in the management, the paper passed on to a greater success, and soon started a morning edition. A few years ago Mr. Stone, who is about forty-five years old, retired with a large fortune, and is now the vice-president of a leading Chicago bank.

—Jules Verne has a son, Michel, who is developing a talent for writing stories very much in his father's highly imaginative style.

—Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, excelled in athletic sports while a Harvard student, and has not lost his interest in them since meeting his successes in political life. He was a good short-distance runner and base-ball player, and is still known as a skilful horseman and rifle shot.

—The Prince of Naples, who is soon to visit England, will not give up his whole visit to pleasuring, but hopes to gain many practical hints by inspecting important industries in the kingdom. He is also an enthusiastic numismatist, and will probably spend considerable time in the British and South Kensington museums.

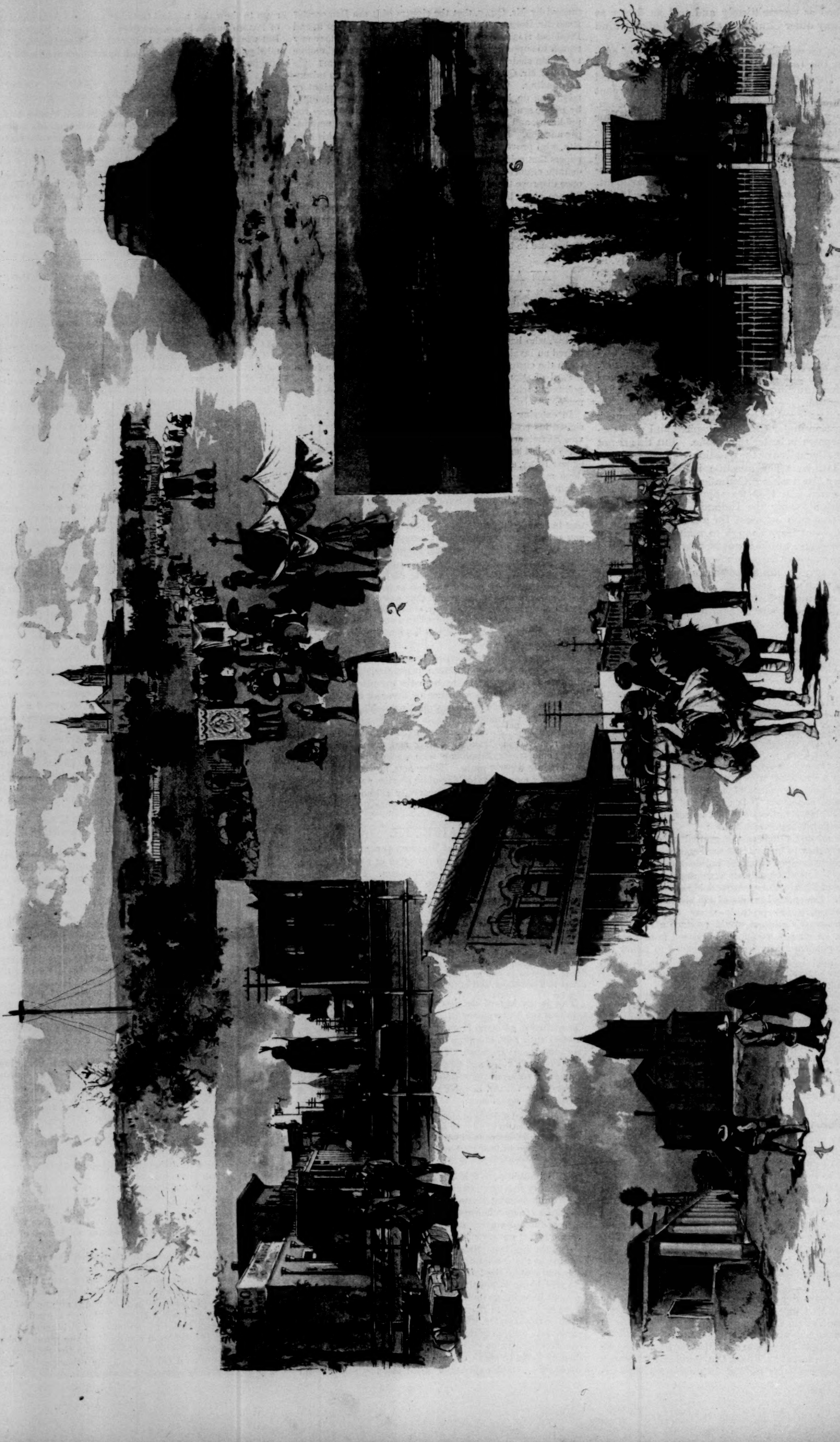
—The dedication of monuments to General Stonewall Jackson and other Southern soldiers brings to mind the fact that many of the general officers of the Confederate army have passed away. Of 498, the original number, only 184 are now alive, and Beauregard is the only surviving general who attained full rank.

—In a letter from Prince George of Greece to his father, George I. of Greece, the young man tells of his adventure in Japan, and refers to the Czarowitz as "Nicky," and to the Czarina as "Aunt Minn." He says that after his rescue of the Czarowitz the Russian officers "played ball" with him, which he explains is their method of showing their joy. When the Crown-Prince of Russia was in this country shooting buffalo, he embraced General Phil Sheridan, who had brought him to the hunting-grounds, and carried him fifty yards in his arms, so great was his delight over killing such big game.

—Dr. Chauncey M. Depew left this country for his annual summer holiday last week under his physician's instructions not to make speeches when he reached the other side. He made the best of his time before reaching there by delivering five speeches on board of the steamer.

—A marble tablet bearing an inscription now marks the house in Nice where Paganini died.

—If Jumbo had only postponed for a few years his injudicious encounter with a locomotive, his stuffed and articulated remains might have formed important adjuncts of the $150,000 building which P. T. Barnum's money is erecting for the scientific and historical societies of Bridgeport, Connecticut. But the skeleton and hide of the giant pachyderm are separated, the one doing duty in the museum of a small New England college, and the other posing elsewhere as the former receptacle of greatness.



SKETCHES IN ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, AND VICINITY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 583.]

1. Gold Street from Depot. 2. Corpus Christi Day in the Old Town. 3. Starvation Peak. 4. Bernalillo County Court-House. 5. Street in Albuquerque. 6. View on the Rio Grande, near Albuquerque. 7. Villa in Albuquerque, the Result of Irrigation.

THE DIAMONDS.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

I.

HAROLD BROOKE had a watch-maker's glass fitted in his eye. Through it he was intently regarding something which he held in his hand.

"One of the finest two diamonds which ever came out of Africa gone wrong! I wonder what Fungst will say?"

He moved to the window. Under the stronger light he renewed his examination of the crystal through the little microscopic lens.

"It 'll be an affair of perhaps half an hour. I've known it happen in less. Tyrrel shall have it." He laughed. "Hard on Tyrrel, but harder still on me. He and I will share the loss. I wonder what Fungst will say? According to him, we had captured two of the finest diamonds Africa had ever yet produced. They were to make our fortunes. Well, Tyrrel shall have a chance of making his. I wonder how far his knowledge of this sort of thing may go?"

A few minutes afterwards a hansom dashed up in front of a quaint little shop in the neighborhood of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. Mr. Brooke sprang out. He entered the shop. A young man was its only occupant.

"Tyrrel, I've brought you the diamond." The young man behind the counter gave a perceptible start. "I've changed my mind. You shall have it cheap."

"Cheap?"

"Dirt cheap. You shall have it for a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds?"

"Yes, a thousand pounds. But it must be money down. I leave England to-night. There are reasons which compel me. I don't know when I may return. Is it a bargain? Here is the stone."

Mr. Tyrrel took it with a hand which trembled. He gave just one glance at it. His eyes gleamed.

"Will a check do?"

"An open check."

Mr. Tyrrel wrote an open check for a thousand pounds. He handed it to Mr. Brooke. With a mere "Thanks!" that gentleman passed from the shop, sprang into the hansom, and was driven away. Mr. Tyrrel stared after him amazed.

"I wonder what's up now?"

He picked up his purchase from where he had placed it on the counter. His hand still trembled. He went from the shop into an inner room.

"Mary, I've bought the diamond."

A note of exultation was in his voice. A young woman was leaving the room, a pile of linen in her arms. At the sound of her husband's voice she turned.

"Mr. Brooke's diamond?"

"Mr. Brooke's! What do you think I gave for it? A thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds!'

"I think that Brooke's gone mad. He might have got ten times the sum from almost any one. He says that he has had a sudden call abroad, and wants the cash. It's his affair, not mine. Anyhow, I've bought the diamond. I gave him what he asked for it. Here it is."

Mrs. Tyrrel laid her pile of linen on the table. She took the stone which her husband held out to her. She selected a watch-maker's glass from among several which were on the mantel-shelf. Fitting it into her eye, she examined the stone under the light of the window.

"What a beauty!" She drew it closer to her eye. "What a beautiful stone!" She turned it over and over in her hand. "What is this speck of light right in the very heart of it?"

"What speck of light?"

Mr. Tyrrel selected a glass on his own account. In his turn he examined the stone. Hardly had he fitted the glass in its place when he gave an exclamation. He went nearer to the window.

"Give me a higher power!"

She chose another glass from those upon the shelf. She noticed that her husband's face had all at once turned pale. "What is the matter?"

He made no immediate answer. But no sooner had he begun to examine his purchase with the lens of higher power than he staggered back against the wall. He took the glass out of his eye. He looked round the room like a man who had received a sudden shock. All his animation of a moment before had disappeared.

"He's—he's ruined me! The thief! I understand it now. Why he wanted the cash, his haste, and the call abroad. What a fool I was! I had seen the stone so often, I thought I knew it so well, that I never thought of looking at it. I snapped him—I thought he'd change his mind—and he's snapped me."

His wife advanced to him. "James, what is wrong? Isn't it the stone you thought it was?"

He laid his hand lightly on her arm. "Hush! There's some one in the shop. See who it is."

She peeped through the curtain which screened the door. "It's Mr. Hart."

"What does he want?" With his handkerchief Mr. Tyrrel mopped his brow. "I'll—I'll go and see."

In the shop there was a tall, portly gentleman. His overcoat, which was unbuttoned, was lined and trimmed with fur. About him there was an odor of wealth.

"How do, Tyrrel, how do? Mrs. Hart's going to be presented at the first Drawing-room—sheriff's wife, and that sort of thing, you know—and I want to give her something neat in diamonds. Thought I'd give you a turn—got them in the rough. Knew your father. He and I have had many a deal together. Got anything good just now?"

Mr. Tyrrel looked round and round the shop. He glanced behind him at the door which led into the inner room. He drew a long breath. "I—I happen to have one of the finest stones in England, Mr. Hart."

"Dare say! There are a good many of the finest stones in England about just now. And you want one of the finest prices in England for it too?"

"You are yourself something of a judge of diamonds."

"I am—something."

"Here is the stone. Examine it for yourself."

Mr. Tyrrel handed the stone to Mr. Hart. As he did so, it was to be noticed that his hand still trembled. He mopped his brow as his visitor turned the stone over and over in his hands. His lips seemed parched. Mr. Hart took the stone to the door.

"Got a glass?" he asked.

Mr. Tyrrel hunted out a spy-glass. He seemed to have some difficulty in finding one. Mr. Hart fitted it into his eye.

"Not a very strong glass, this one of yours; I've seen stronger. But it's good enough to enable me to see that this is something like a diamond. What's the figure?"

Mr. Tyrrel moistened his lips. "Two thousand pounds."

"Too much!"

"It's dirt cheap, Mr. Hart. I've seen worse stones than that sold for ten thousand pounds. But I happen to be very much in want of ready cash."

"I don't deny that the stone's a good one. But it's in the rough, and it may cut up rough. And two thousand pounds is more than I care to pay for an ornament for a Drawing-room, even though that Drawing-room be her Majesty's. But I'll tell you what I'll do, as I knew your father, I'll give you a check for fifteen hundred down upon the nail."

Again Mr. Tyrrel moistened his lips. "I'll accept it."

A check changed hands almost as expeditiously as the one for a smaller amount had changed hands only a few minutes before. Mr. Hart departed with his purchase.

"I think I've scored that trick. If this diamond isn't worth fifteen hundred pounds and a bit more, why, then I'm wrong."

Mr. Hart then and there took a cab to the Bond Street headquarters of those famous jewellers Messrs. Ruby & Golden. He was shown into the senior partner's private room.

"I want you to set this stone for me."

Mr. Ruby took very gingerly between his finger and his thumb the piece of crystal which Mr. Hart was holding out to him on the palm of his outstretched hand.

"A diamond, I see, and uncut. Rather a fine specimen." Mr. Ruby's eyes glistened. "May I ask in confidence from whom you obtained it?"

"From a friend in the trade."

Mr. Hart kept his eyes fixed upon the jeweller's face. His tone was dry.

"You don't happen to know, I suppose, if he has any more like this to dispose of?"

"Can't say that I do. What's it worth?"

"You see, Mr. Hart, the value of a diamond depends upon so many things. To us it depends in a measure on whether we have a customer who at the moment requires just such a stone."

"And you have such a customer? I see. Well, I bought it for my wife. I want you to cut it and mount it as a pin for the hair."

Mr. Ruby hesitated. He turned the jewel over and over in his hand. "We are old friends, Mr. Hart. May I ask how much you gave for this?"

"Two thousand pounds."

It was true that Mr. Tyrrel had asked two thousand. Mr. Hart had probably forgotten that he had beaten him down to fifteen hundred.

"Two thousand pounds? You are a man of business, Mr. Hart. I dare say you have no objection to making a little profit even out of a diamond. I will be frank with you. We happen to have a valuable customer who is particularly in want of just such a stone as this. It is on that account that I venture, even in Mr. Golden's absence, to offer you for your two-thousand-pound purchase three thousand pounds; a clear profit of a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds:" Mr. Hart stroked his chin. "My dear sir, I'm not reduced to selling my wife's diamonds."

"Has Mrs. Hart yet seen the stone?"

"Not yet she hasn't. I bought it not half an hour ago."

"Then the thing is simplified. I will carry my offer farther. I will give you three thousand pounds for the stone, and will allow you to select, in addition, any articles from our stock to the cash value of a thousand pounds."

The corners of Mr. Hart's lips twitched. He smiled. "It's a deal."

It was. Mr. Hart left the Bond Street establishment with a check for three thousand pounds in his pocket, and in a red morocco case a set of very pretty diamond ornaments for a lady's hair. The stone which he had purchased from Mr. Tyrrel he left behind.

"Mr. Hart thinks himself a shrewd man," Mr. Ruby told himself when that gentleman had gone, "but he is not *quite*

so shrewd as he thinks. This is the very stone the Duke is looking for. Unless I am mistaken, he will give us for it rather more than four thousands pounds."

About an hour after, Mr. Golden entered Mr. Ruby's room. The senior partner rubbed his hands as the junior entered.

"I have been indulging in a little deal while you have been out—a little deal in diamonds."

The junior partner glanced sharply at the senior. In appearance Mr. Ruby was very different from Mr. Golden. Mr. Ruby was large and florid. Mr. Golden was slight and dark, with keen, bright eyes.

"I have lighted on the very stone we have been trying to find for the Duke, and I have bought it on the nail out and out."

"The deuce you have! What did you give for it?"

"Three thousand in cash and a thousand in stock."

"Let me look at it."

Mr. Golden held out his hand. Mr. Ruby produced the stone from the inner recesses of a large safe in a corner of the room. Mr. Golden took it to the window. He examined it minutely for some moments with his naked eye. Then, taking a spy-glass from his waistcoat pocket, he examined it through that. Scarcely had he placed the glass in its place than he sprang round at Mr. Ruby.

"Ruby!" Strong words seemed trembling on his lips. If that were so, he exercised an effort of self-control. "You've been done!"

"Mr. Golden!"

"How many times have I asked you not to buy diamonds in my absence!"

Mr. Ruby's face was pasty-hued. "But—but it's one of the finest diamonds I've ever seen."

Mr. Golden's glance was expressive of the most supreme contempt. "Look at it through that, and tell me if you see nothing."

Mr. Ruby looked at the diamond through his partner's spy-glass. "I—I can only see that it is a very beautiful stone."

"Can't you see, right in the centre, what looks like a speck of light?"

"Now that I look into it closely, there certainly does seem to be something of the kind. But it is so slight that, even with this strong glass, it is scarcely noticeable."

"And yet, sooner or later, it will shiver that stone to splinters."

"Mr. Golden!"

"I have seen it before, and I know what it is. It is a sort of disease to which African diamonds are peculiarly liable, especially the finest stones. I wish to goodness, Ruby, that you would leave these things to me. That speck of light is a crack in the grain of the stone. It will increase in size, ramifying in all directions, until, at a certain point, the stone will shiver—blow up, in fact. The thing may happen in ten minutes. It may not happen for months. It will happen some time or other, to a certainty. Any man who really knows something of diamonds will tell you that."

Mr. Ruby had sunk back in his seat. He seemed ill at ease. "But—but can't we sell it to the Duke? It's the very stone he wants."

Mr. Golden smiled. "We can sell it to the Duke if it lasts long enough. The attempt to cut it may bring about the smash. I've known it happen before to-day."

"We'll try, at any rate—we'll try! You may be wrong, Golden; I really think you may be."

"I may be." Mr. Golden's tone was grim. "I'll have it put into hand at once. It's a glorious stone. One of the finest stones I've ever seen. It would be a bargain to any one at—at ten thousand pounds."

II.

"Hollo, Fungst!"

"Brooke!"

Unannounced Mr. Brooke had entered the room. He had taken Mr. Fungst unawares. Mr. Fungst stared at him amazed. He was a paunchy little man, with black, curly, well-greased hair, which he parted in the middle. Uninvited, his visitor took a chair.

"I've only just reached Paris. Left London by the club train this afternoon, and came straight on here."

"This is—this is funny. This is very funny indeed." Mr. Fungst said "dis" instead of "this," and "vunny" instead of "funny." "Is—is it anything you have come to see about?"

"Only you, my Fungst—only you."

The two friends looked at each other. Mr. Brooke's lips were parted by a smile. There was a curious look in Mr. Fungst's eyes. He seemed ill at ease.

"That is very funny. Do you know, I was putting a few things together to come over to London to-night to have a little talk with you."

"What was to be the purport of the talk, my Fungst?"

"It was only about a little thing. It was a word I wished to say to you about"—Mr. Fungst glanced at the floor, then up again—"about the diamond."

"The diamond?" Mr. Brooke's smile grew more pronounced.

"Just a little talk."

"It's sold."

"Sold? What! The diamond?"

A singular change took place in Mr. Fungst's appearance. His jaw dropped. His eyes seemed to increase in size. His paunchy frame seemed to quiver under emotion.

"I found a customer this morning."

"What did you get for it? Twenty—thirty thousand pounds?"

Mr. Brooke laughed outright. "Not quite so much as that."

"Not so much? What did you get for it?"

"A thousand down."

"A—thousand—down! A—thousand—pounds! Mein Gott!" Mr. Fungst's face was a picture. He seemed divided between tears and rage. "Oh, Harold Brooke, what a fool you are!"

"Not such a fool as I look, my Fungst. The stone was a wrong 'un."

"A wrong 'un! What you call a wrong 'un?"

"It was afflicted with the shivers. Cracked, my boy. It is more than probable that by now it is splintered into dust."

"Oh, good 'evins! Harold Brooke, what a fool you are!" Mr. Fungst raised his two fat hands above his well-oiled head, as if he were appealing to the skies. "It is more than a week ago since I saw in my own stone, in the very heart of it, a spot like a little speck of light."

"It was only this morning that I observed the same phenomenon in mine. I knew from painful experience what it meant."

"You knew what it meant? You *thought* you knew what it meant. As a matter of fact, you knew nothing at all about it, any more than me. When I see this little spot, I say to myself: 'It is all over. You are done for. Bang goes your little pile.' I have seen stones begin like that, and pulverize within a quarter of an hour—twenty minutes. It is a mystery which no man understands, not even the man who thinks he knows the most. I was fit to tear my hair. I rushed off in a cab, determined to sell the stone at any price if I could only be in time. You know how they do that sort of thing at Kimberley. As I was in the cab I kept looking at my stone through my spy-glass to see how it was getting on. My heart was fit to break. All of a sudden I see something which I had never seen before. The little spot of white light had turned into a little spot of color. It was as though a little spot of blood had got into the very centre of the stone. I say to myself: 'It is certain that if I try to sell the stone just as it is, I shall get nothing for it—scarcely anything at all. About this affair there is something which I do not understand.' There is no man living who understands all the ins and outs of diamonds—no chemist, no scientist, I care not who it is. There are mysteries about diamonds which never yet have been explained. I have known some of them within the range of my own experience. So I say to myself: 'There is a mystery in this. If I sell the diamond now, a loss is certain; if I see the mystery through, the loss is problematical. I will see the mystery through.' I came back home again. I put the diamond away. I did not look at it for two whole days.

"When, after two whole days, I came to open the little box in which I had placed the diamond, I scarcely dared to open the lid. I felt that, as you say, my heart was in my boots. I felt as though my heart was made of jelly, and that it was melting all away." Mr. Fungst paused. He raised his fat forefinger. He pointed it at Mr. Brooke. "I say to myself, 'Have courage.' Then I take a little nip of brandy. That give me strength. Then I have a smoke. Then I raise the lid." Mr. Fungst raised himself on tiptoe. He seemed to increase in size. "My friend, there was the diamond. But what a diamond! It was a rose brilliant. But such a rose brilliant as the world has never seen!"

Mr. Brooke laughed a little awkwardly. "I say, Fungst, aren't you piling it on?"

"Am I piling it on? You shall see for yourself if I am piling it on." Mr. Fungst took a little leather bag out of an inner pocket of his coat. He handed it to Mr. Brooke. "Open it, and see if I am piling it on."

Mr. Brooke untied the cord which bound the neck of the bag. Within nestled a diamond—a rose brilliant, but of such a hue! "Red as a rose was" not exactly "she," but "it." Mr. Brooke feasted his eyes upon its beauties. The stone was still uncut. Its greatest beauties were therefore still unrevealed. But even in its rough state it was a masterpiece of light and color.

"What a stone!"

Mr. Fungst stood in front of his friend. He rubbed his hands together. He sprang from foot to foot. "Do I pile it on?"

"But, I say, Fungst, this seems to me very like a miracle. I can scarcely credit that such a stone as this was only the other day a pure white diamond with something which looked very like a crack in it."

"I tell you there are mysteries in diamonds which no man understands—not any one."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"That is just the point on which I wished to speak to you. You know J. F. Flinders, the American millionaire? Billionaire he must be, rather, because they say his income is nearly a million yearly. He is in Paris. His daughter is going to be married. He is looking for a wedding present for her; something a little out of the common. I went to him. I show him this. I tell him I think I know where there is another like it. He offered me for the pair—for the pair, you understand—" Mr. Fungst leaned over. He whispered in his friend's ear.

"You don't mean it?"

"To a centime that is what he offered."

Mr. Brooke whistled. "And I sold it for a thousand pounds!"

"To whom did you sell it?"

"To a man named Tyrrel."

Mr. Brooke had risen from his seat. He began to walk about the room.

"Tyrrel of Clerkenwell?"

"The same."

"Then, after all, to-night I must go to London. It is for me to buy it back again."

"For you?" Mr. Brooke faced round. "It strikes me, Fungst, that it's for me to buy it back again."

"Very good, my friend. But it is possible that Mr. Tyrrel may know more about diamonds than you. He will want more than his thousand pounds."

Mr. Brooke bit his lip. "He knows me. He will give me credit."

"As to that we shall see."

Mr. Fungst began to cram some things into a Gladstone bag. Mr. Brooke watched him for some moments. Then he went and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, Fungst, what are you driving at? What do you think you're going to do?"

Mr. Fungst turned to his friend, all frankness. "All I wish is that we should have the pair—just you and I."

Mr. Brooke retained his grasp upon his friend's shoulder, nor did he remove his inquisitorial glance from his friend's frank features. "Yes, just you"—with the fingers of his disengaged hand Mr. Brooke tapped himself on the chest—"and I."

III.

"My friend, could you tell me just one thing?"

Ivor Dacre glanced down at the speaker. He was a little rotund fellow. He spoke with a strong foreign accent. On his features there was the impress of the German Jew, and not by any means of the highest type of German Jew. He looked oddly out of place in the midst of that gorgeous assemblage, built rather for the purlieus of Houndsditch than for the Marquis of Clonkilty's ballroom. Mr. Dacre could scarcely believe that the profusely perspiring little man addressed himself to him. But Mr. Fungst removed all misapprehension on that score by twitching Mr. Dacre by the lapel of his coat. He repeated his inquiry.

"My friend, could you tell me just one thing?"

"If it is in my power."

"Could you tell me which is the Duchess of Datchet?"

"The Duchess of Datchet?"

Ivor Dacre smiled outright. The idea of there being any possible association between that oily Houndsditch Hebrew and the latest and brightest queen of the London season—the bride of but a month or two—struck him as too ludicrous. Mr. Dacre was possessed of that rare attribute, a sense of humor. A wicked idea entered his head.

"Are you a friend of her Grace's?"

"I am not a friend exactly, but there is a little business which I wish to do with her."

A little business! In the Marquis of Clonkilty's ballroom! With the Queen of Hearts!

Mr. Dacre's eyes wandered round the room. They passed from dancer to dancer. At last they rested upon one. As they did so he raised his hand to his mustache, possibly to conceal the smile which he could not restrain.

"You see that lady over there?"

"There are so many ladies. Upon my soul, I never see so many ladies."

"The lady in the dark green dress with the nose-glasses."

"The old girl with the mustache?"

"Precisely—the old girl with the mustache?" Mr. Dacre's smile almost expanded into a grin. "That is the Duchess of Datchet."

Without a word of thanks, Mr. Fungst strode off. He ploughed his way through the dancers without paying the slightest regard to the evolutions they were attempting to perform. Mr. Dacre watched him go with a degree of delight which seemed on the point of producing an inward convulsion. All at once Mr. Fungst pulled up, right in front of a couple—they both were young—who seemed in blissful enjoyment of the valse.

"She hasn't got it on, so help me!"

"Sir!"

The young gentleman whose path he had impeded addressed him with a degree of scorn which was intended to be crushing. Mr. Fungst was not at all abashed.

"I wasn't speaking to you, my friend." Then, to himself, still audibly, "Mein Gott! If she has lost it!"

Striding forward, he caught a lady by the arm. She had on a dark green dress. She wore a pair of nose-glasses. More than the suggestion of a mustache adorned her upper lip. She was beginning to be stricken in years. But that did not prevent her valsing, with apparent enjoyment, with a gentleman who seemed at least ten years her junior. She and her partner were still moving to the rhythm of the music when Mr. Fungst caught her by the arm.

"Excuse me, my name is Fungst, Jacob Fungst. There is a little word I wish to speak to you just now."

The lady stopped, startled. She turned. When her glance fell on Mr. Fungst—it had to fall some distance—she drew herself up and shuddered as though she had come into sudden contact with an iceberg.

"Who is this person?"

"Fungst," explained the owner of that name. "There is just a little thing about which I wish to speak to you two words outside."

The lady addressed her cavalier: "Will you please take me away? This person is a stranger to me."

He took her away. As Mr. Fungst continued to stare after the retreating pair, some one touched him on the shoulder. It was a young gentleman who wore a single eyeglass. It is not impossible that he had been commissioned by Mr. Ivor Dacre, who is the soul of mischief.

"Don't you think you're rather blocking the way? What is it you want?"

"I wished to say just two words to the Duchess of Datchet."

"That is not the Duchess of Datchet." The young gentleman drew him aside. "That is the Duchess of Datchet."

As he spoke the music ceased. The dance was ended. The gentlemen began to lead the ladies to their seats. In front of Mr. Fungst there passed a woman who was tall and most divinely fair. Her hair was of the color of the rich red gold. Where its glorious mass was thickest there gleamed a diamond. It was the diamond and not the woman which caught the eye of Mr. Fungst.

"Mein Gott!"—he uttered what seemed to be his favorite imprecation—"it's changed!"

Something seemed to startle him so greatly that he actually allowed the lady to pass, and unmolested. She leaned on the arm of a gentleman who was not only much taller than herself, but, in his way, as handsome. There was probably no handsomer couple in the room. And yet the lady seemed ill at ease, although the gentleman was smiling at her all the time.

"That was the Duchess of Datchet," observed Mr. Fungst's new acquaintance, who had been observing him with unconcealed amusement.

Mr. Fungst awoke as though from a stupor. Again there came that adjuration, "Mein Gott!—she's gone!"

She was. And before Mr. Fungst caught sight of her again the Duchess of Datchet's carriage had been called, and her Grace was in it, driving from the ball.

The Duchess had the carriage to herself. A gentleman had escorted her to the door. As he closed it he murmured just one word—"Remember!"

She, leaning forward, had replied, "Do you think I can forget?"

As the vehicle passed swiftly through the night, if one might judge from the expression on her countenance, it did not seem as though she could. Once she put up her small gloved hands and veiled her face—veiled it though there was no one there to see. She took a little card from the bosom of her dress. It was the programme of the ball. It was a white card. The back was blank, or, rather, it would have been if it had not been for certain pencil marks. The pencil marks were figures. On the back of the programme was a little sum in compound addition. It was cast up. The total was stated. The sight of that total seemed to cause her Grace discomfort. "If I could only lay my hand upon the money!"

The carriage reached home. As the Duchess entered the hall, a servant advanced to meet her. He addressed the lady in a confidential whisper.

"A gentleman wishes to see your Grace. He has been waiting more than an hour."

The Duchess shivered. She drew her cloak closer round her. Possibly she felt the air a trifle cold. "Has the Duke returned?"

"Not yet, your Grace."

"Show the gentleman into my sitting-room."

She did not ask the visitor's name. But when she was alone in her own apartment she veiled her face with her hands again. Only for a moment. When the door opened, all traces of agitation had disappeared. There entered a young and comely man who, although he was dressed in rough-and-ready morning costume, looked as though he were a man of breeding. At sight of him the Duchess started. It almost seemed as if he were not at all the sort of person she had expected to see. She waited for the visitor to speak. This the visitor appeared to experience some little difficulty in doing.

"I must crave your Grace's forgiveness for my intrusion at this unseasonable hour, but circumstances of a peculiar nature—" He paused. In his turn he started. His eyes were fixed upon the Duchess's head—upon the glory of her hair. He gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's changed! Fungst was right!"

"Sir!" The Duchess drew back. She appeared to find the stranger's demeanor slightly singular—as well she might. He continued staring at her as though he could not take his eyes away. He was, all at once, possessed with a strange excitement.

"Your Grace must forgive me if the offer I am about to make to you seems strange, as it cannot help but seem. If you knew all, I am sure you would forgive me. I will give you ten thousand pounds for the diamond in your hair!"

"You will give me ten thousand pounds—for the diamond—in my hair?" Half mechanically the lady raised her hand to her head. Her fingers lighted on the jewel which gleamed among her tresses. As they did so, and some faint comprehension of the stranger's meaning dawned upon her mind, her face became a crimson red. "My husband's

present! Are you a madman, sir; or do you purposely insult me?"

"That diamond was mine. On its possession I had founded all my hopes of fortune. It was taken from me by means of a trick." Perhaps Mr. Brooke thought he spoke the truth. One can but hope he did. "I received for it not a twentieth part of the sum I offer you." Again he slightly erred. "But rather than it should be lost to me forever, poor as I am, I will give you—I will give you—twelve thousand pounds."

"Twelve thousand pounds!" Her Grace's hand was lifted to her corsage. Possibly it brushed against the ball programme, with the compound addition sum upon its back, which lay within. "You will give me twelve thousand pounds?" She drew a deep breath. "But—but it's absurd! Who are you, sir, that you forget who I am?"

"What does it matter who I am? I am Harold Brooke. I am the modern equivalent of the soldier of fortune, and you have my fortune—*my* fortune—in your hair! Twelve did I say I'd give? For my fortune back again I'll give you fifteen thousand pounds!"

"Fifteen thousand pounds!" Her Grace's hands veiled her Grace's face again. "Am I going mad? Fifteen thousand pounds!" She sat down. Her agitation seemed extraordinary. She was positively trembling. "It is not to be thought of."

"I will give you twenty!"

"Twenty—twenty thousand pounds?"

There was silence. Mr. Brooke leaned forward, looking down at her. She looked up at him. With her right hand she grasped the upper portion of her corsage. This time there was no mistake about it—between her fingers she pressed that programme of the ball. Her face became cold and set. She became all at once a little older. The character of her beauty seemed to change. It was stern and hard.

"Your behavior is that of a madman. I am scarcely less mad than you, or I should not continue to listen. How am I to know that you are not, as you very probably are, trifling with me all the time?"

"Promise me that the diamond shall be mine if I bring you the money in the morning."

"Twenty thousand pounds?"

"Twenty thousand pounds!"

"Twenty? I will give you thirty!"

The voice said "dirty." Mr. Brooke sprang round. Her Grace stood up. A little man, almost as broad as he was tall, was standing at the open door. Entering, he closed the door behind him.

"Fungst!"

"So, Brooke," he said, "you thought to do me. But I am not done so easily, my friend."

"How did you get here?"

"That is my secret. There are more ways than one of getting into the Duke of Datchet's house, my friend."

The two men stood staring at each other. Mr. Brooke with clinched fists, and a flush upon his face. Mr. Fungst with his crush-hat under his arm, his hands in his overcoat pockets, and an ungenial smile upon his lips. As for the Duchess, she stood staring at them both. The march of events seemed to have deprived her of a little of her breath. When she did speak, she addressed herself to Mr. Fungst.

"May I ask, sir, what is the meaning of this intrusion, and who you are?"

"I am Jacob Fungst, that's who I am. If it was not for me, he would not have had the stone at all. And when he make a fool of himself and sell it—if it was not for me, he would not have known what it was that he had sold. Now, when I have found a market for the stone, he tries to do me, his friend, his very good friend indeed, out of the market I have found. That is why, when he say twenty thousand, I say thirty; and not in the morning, but cash down."

"Fungst, I advise you to be careful."

"I will be careful. Be easy in your mind, I will be careful." It is a thing of which I am very fond—carefulness."

Mr. Brooke touched his friend lightly on the shoulder. "I only seek my share of the spoil."

"Your share? Very good. Get what share you please. It is the same to me. It is your behind-the-door ways I do not like." Mr. Fungst turned to the Duchess. He stretched out his hand. "I have been running after that diamond all through the town—yes, night and day—from the pillar to the post. I trace it home to you. I learn that it was presented to you this morning to wear to-night at the Marquis of Clonkilty's ball. At the Marquis of Clonkilty's ball I see it in your hair."

Her Grace's bewilderment seemed to be increasing. "The Marquis of Clonkilty's ball? You?"

"Yes, me. I go to the door of the house. I ask for you. There was a crowd of people. They do not seem to understand. They say, 'What name?' I say, 'Fungst.' They show me up the stairs. I find myself in the middle of the ball. I say to myself: 'This is funny. Since I am here, well, I will look for the stone.' I look for the stone. I see it in your hair. The sight so surprises me, I lose my head. When I find it, I find you gone. I come after you. I come here. It takes me some time and a little diplomacy"—Mr. Fungst patted his waistcoat pocket—"to get into the house. It was more trouble, a great deal more trouble, than to get into the Marquis of Clonkilty's ball. But when I do get in, I offer you for the diamond, money down, thirty thousand pounds."

Again Mr. Brooke touched his friend upon the shoulder. "Fungst, you will have to reckon with me."

"I will reckon with you, never fear. I will tell the lady why I offer for the diamond thirty thousand pounds. It is a great price, a very great price, to offer for one diamond. It is because I have the other stone just like it, and I wish to make a pair. I will show the other stone to the lady. She will see I tell the truth." Mr. Fungst began groping in the inner pocket of his coat. He produced a little leather bag. "It is in this bag." He was holding the bag between the fingers of his right hand. Suddenly a curious expression began to creep over his features. "It is very funny." He hesitated. "It is in this bag." He began to untie the cord which bound the neck of the bag. In the midst of the operation he paused. He felt the contents of the bag with the fingers of either hand. "It is—it is very funny." His face assumed a curious leaden hue. "It is in this bag."

Mr. Brooke advanced. "What's the matter, Fungst?"

"It—it is nothing. It—it is very funny. The stone is in this bag." He continued to untie the cord. It was all untied. With peculiar circumspection he opened the neck of the bag. He peeped within. He continued to peep within, as if to explore its depths were a work of time. He staggered backwards. "Mein Gott! It's gone! I'm robbed!"

"Robbed!" cried Mr. Brooke. He took the bag out of Mr. Fungst's unresisting hand. There was a strange expression on his face; there was a curious glitter in his eyes. As he peeped into the bag he laughed, not pleasantly. "Not robbed, my Fungst—not robbed. The diamond's here." He turned the bag upside down upon the table. There came out a little mass of tiny sparkling crystals. They formed upon the table a small heap of glittering dust. Mr. Brooke pointed to it with his hand. "There's your rose brilliant, Fungst."

Mr. Fungst came forward. He leaned over the table. He stared at the gleaming atoms. "Mein Gott! It's gone off bang!"

"As you say, my Fungst, it has gone off bang. Who was right, my Fungst? Personally, I never knew a diamond which, when attacked by the shivers, sooner or later did not go off bang. I am inclined to wager that even the Duchess of Datchet's beautiful rose brilliant will go off bang."

Her Grace stared. She had been a mystified spectator of the little scene which had been enacted before her eyes. Indeed, the whole proceedings were mysteries to her. "Rose brilliant? What do you mean?"

"The rose brilliant in your Grace's hair."

"There is no rose brilliant in my hair. There is only the diamond which my husband gave me."

"Did not his Grace present you with a rose brilliant?"

"A rose brilliant? No! He gave me a white diamond."

"Then the transformation has happened since."

"Transformation? What do you mean?" She took the jewel out of her hair. As her glance fell upon it, the fashion of her countenance changed. She scarcely seemed to believe the evidence of her own eyes. "This—this is not my diamond."

Mr. Brooke's laughing eyes were divided between her Grace and her Grace's jewel. "I think it is."

"But—mine was white, and—this is red."

Mr. Fungst's glance was fixed upon the jewel, gloating on its beauties. "So mine was white. Then it went red. Now it has gone off bang! Oh, the lovely stone!"

Mr. Brooke laughed softly. "I am afraid that your Grace must permit me to withdraw my offer of twenty thousand pounds, or even of ten. The diamond, beautiful though it is, belongs to a rather more speculative class of goods than I quite care to dabble in."

The Duchess still held the jewel in her hand. She had never for a moment removed her glance from it. It seemed to exercise upon her gaze a sort of fascination. "It's alive!"

"Alive?" Mr. Brooke came nearer, Mr. Fungst craned forward. They were a curious trio. The Duchess's tones were low and eager.

"Something seems to be moving within."

"So there does." In Mr. Brooke's voice there was a sound as of laughter.

"It's changing color." Mr. Fungst spoke almost with a gasp.

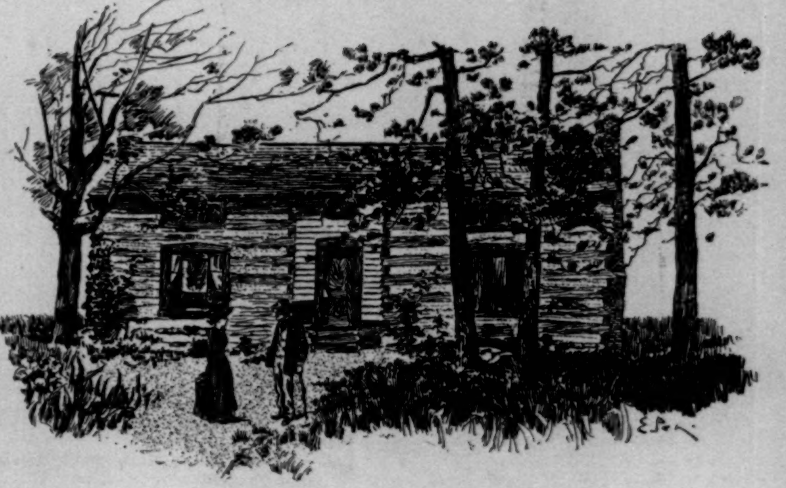
"Forever! Look out!" Mr. Brooke spoke just in time. There was a little crack. The diamond had disappeared. Three pairs of eyes were still bent upon her Grace's hand. But it was empty—the diamond had gone.

"It's gone off bang!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Duchess. "What has happened?"

"When your servants sweep the room in the morning, your Grace should give them instructions to be careful. A diamond which was your husband's present, and for which your Grace was offered thirty thousand pounds, lies in dust upon the floor."

With his hand Mr. Fungst scraped the perspiration from his brow. "Mein Gott! It's gone off bang!" he said.



GENERAL GRANT'S CABIN.

There is a rustic old cabin a few miles south of St. Louis which has recently attracted much attention.

It was built nearly forty years ago by Ulysses S. Grant for the young wife who had cast in her fortune with him, and who could not know that before many years had passed they would exchange the log cabin for the White House.

At the close of the Mexican war young Grant, then called Captain Grant, came to St. Louis, where he married a daughter of F. T. Dent. As a wedding present, Mr. Dent presented to his daughter a small farm, part of an eight-hundred-acre tract, lying southwest of St. Louis.

Unaided, Captain Grant began to hew down the old oaks, then to strip them of their bark, and to notch them. This took many days of hard labor, and when the logs were ready, good neighbors gave him the needed assistance to raise the house. All the cracks between the logs were carefully filled up with bits of wood, and then made tight with a rough plaster, which gave the cabin quite a comfortable appearance.

Captain and Mrs. Grant now invited their neighbors to a house-warming. Friends came from near and far, and many old residents still remember the occasion with pleasure.

They now settled down to enjoy their humble home and to raise their little family. Grant cleared the land and farmed it, and when winter came on, cut wood and hauled it to the city for sale.

As the family grew in number another small cabin was built about ten feet to the east, and connected with the original cabin by a porch. The space between the cottages has been boarded up, and the old German woman who now occupies the house uses this space as a pantry.

General Grant and his wife have often said the pleasantest part of their lives had been passed in this little cabin. General Grant, on his last visit to the farm, remarked: "I have been President of the United States and highly honored, but the happiest times I ever knew were spent right here."

After a few years Grant rented his farm, sold his stock, and moved with his family to Galena, Illinois, where he took a position in his father's store. Not long afterward, upon the breaking out of the civil war, he offered his services to the Governor of Illinois.

While President, Grant thought of his little house in Missouri and purchased the entire tract of land, thus making his farm eight hundred acres in all. He then stocked it with fine horses, of which he was an excellent judge.

In the financial embarrassment which followed the failure of Grant & Ward, this farm was sacrificed and passed into other hands. The commissioners for the Columbian Exposition, looking about for attractions for the coming World's Fair, made the owners an offer of four thousand dollars for the little log cabin. This fact has attracted much attention to this farm and log cabin. Every day it is visited by many curious people, whose eager questions are answered by the amiable old German woman now occupying the house.

The western side of the cabin has been so hacked and clipped by souvenir-hunters that in places holes have been made large enough to admit the sunlight. The old oak-tree in front of the house was planted by Grant. A public-spirited citizen living at Old Orchard, Missouri, has exceeded the commissioners' offer by a thousand dollars, and secured the cabin, and has moved it on to his land a little nearer the city, where it will undoubtedly prove quite an attraction to suburban St. Louis.

A CITY DWELLER'S WISH.

I love the leaf of the old oak-tree,
 I love the gum of the spruce,
I love the bark of the hickory,
 And I love the maple's juice.

On the walnut's grain I fondly dote,
 On the cherry's fruit I'd dine,
And I love to lie in a narrow boat,
 And scent the odor of pine.

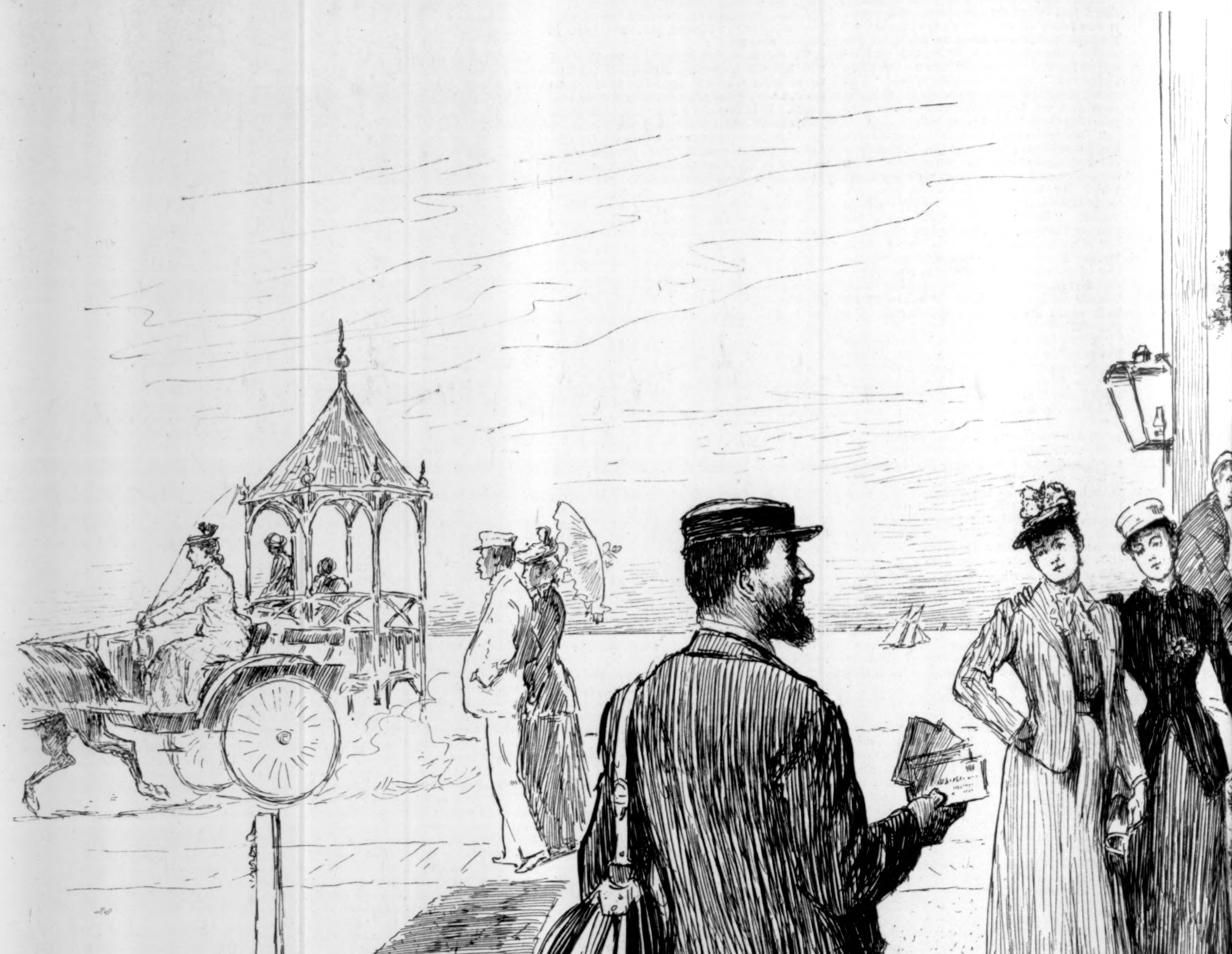
Ah, me! how I wish some power grand
 Would invent some single tree
With all these points well developed, and
 Would send that tree to me!

I'd plant it deep in the *jardinière*
 That stands in this flat of mine;
I'd give it the sweetest, tenderest care,
 And water its roots with wine.

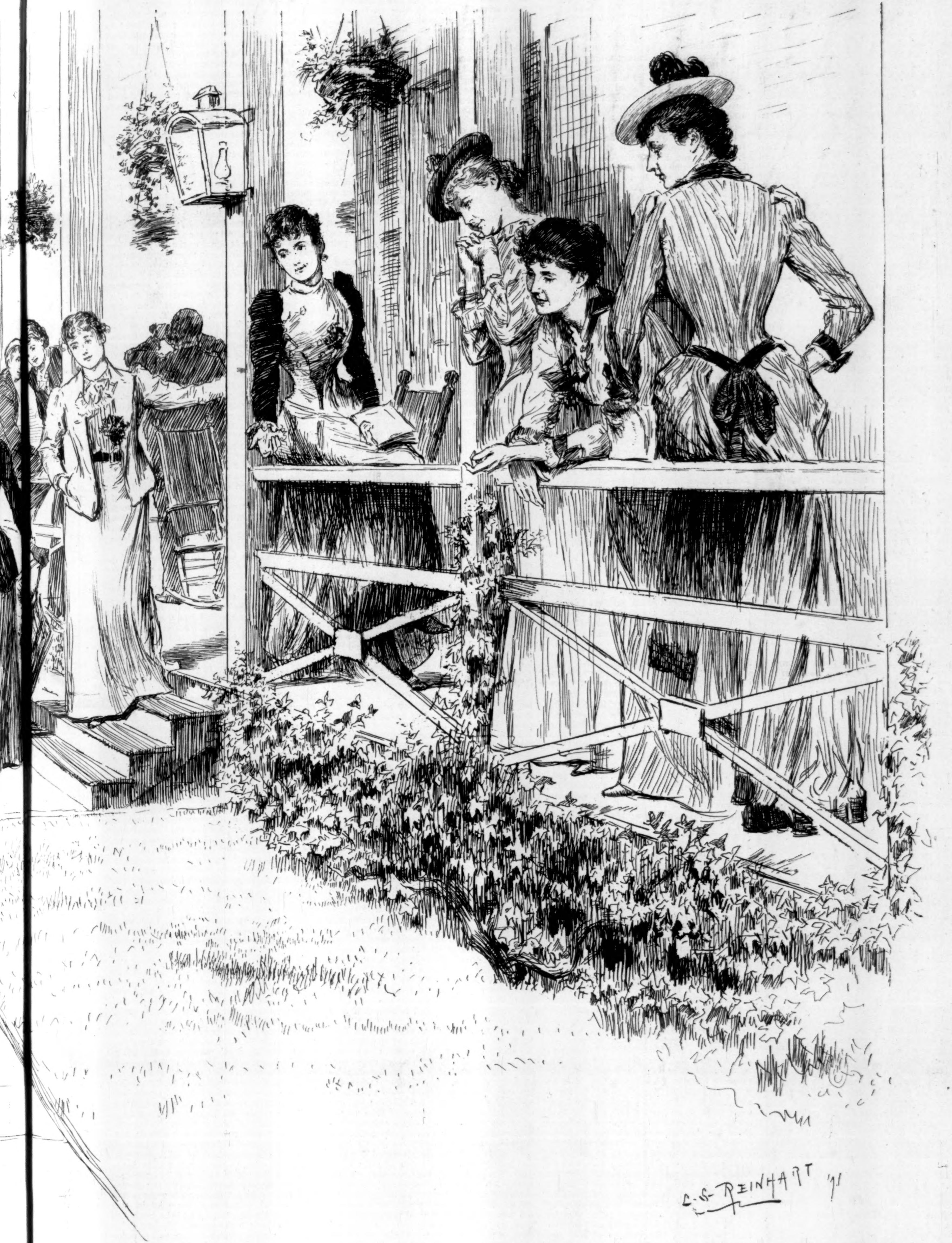
John Kendrick Bangs.

CONSOLATION.

Chapleigh. "You blamed idiot! If you *had* to shoot that bird on the ground, why didn't you shoot his head off? Look at him—just torn to pieces!"
Hicks. "The bird's all right—just ready for fricassee."



A POPULAR VISITOR



TOR.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

POLO IN AMERICA.

(Continued from page 572, Supplement.)

The introduction of handicaps in '88 may be said to have started polo on the boom that it has enjoyed in the past two years. The change in interest was marked, and made especially manifest by the increased number of players and the offering of trophies. The Herbert Trophies were given in '88 for the first time, and won by Rockaway (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and L. Turnure, Jun.) by 6 goals from Essex (E. Pfizer, Farr, Knoedler, and Robinson) at Orange. So was this also the first year of the Country Club of Westchester Cup, played for at Pelham, and won by Rockaway (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherfurd) from Meadow Brook (Kernochan, T. Hitchcock, Jun., W. K. Thorn, and Sands), 5 goals to 4. S. S. Sands, Jun., and R. D. Winthrop won the Winthrop Cups for pairs by 2 goals from A. Belmont, Jun., and J. L. Kernochan; while a month later J. E. Cowdin and L. Turnure, Jun., won the Turnure Cups for pairs by 1 goal from O. W. Bird and R. D. Winthrop in one of the most closely contested games of that year. Some sweepstake games were also played that year at Cedarhurst. The most exciting match of the season, however, was for the Schenck Cup, between Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherfurd for Rockaway, who won by 1 goal, and Kernochan (replaced by Stanley Mortimer during the game), T. Hitchcock, Bird, and Sands for Meadow Brook.

It may be easily understood that with the prestige of so successful a year immediately before it, '89 started off with great activity in polo. Although there had been play in plenty, no regular schedule of the season had ever been planned. Therefore, early in May, representatives from all the clubs met and discussed such a step, with the result that for the first time the season's games were mapped out and a programme of events published. The stir made in polo circles in the immediate vicinity of New York created at first curiosity, and then emulation, and Boston and Philadelphia sportsmen began looking up the game. At the Hub, R. M. Appleton may be declared the father of the Boston polo. He early began working up an interest, and finally succeeded in surrounding himself with several players—R. G. Shaw 2d, G. L. Peabody, and A. P. Gardiner—who, though novices, picked up play sufficiently well to go to Newport the first year they were organized ('90) and win the Consolation Cups. While Philadelphia did not make so good a record in its first year, it nevertheless showed very fair work for beginners. It organized in '90, and played several matches that year, giving evidence of having excellent material on its team, especially in J. C. and H. C. Groome and H. P. McKean, Jun., who needed practice only to develop strong play. The chief difficulty with Philadelphia and Boston is that they do not get sufficient outside play. The game they put up among themselves is necessarily weak, and not calculated to strengthen their work, and unfortunately they do not get around enough during the season's play to meet the best teams and get the drilling of which they stand so much in need.

Considerable would be accomplished in this direction if next season both Boston and Philadelphia each had a polo week. It would arouse general interest in the game at these places, and give the players some encouragement and much good training. A week should likewise be arranged at Buffalo, where they have a number of very good players in Charles, Seward, and Thomas Cary, Dr. H. R. Hopkins, L. P. and B. C. Rumsey, Jun., Harry Hamlin, John N. Seatchard, and Harry Davis, but who seem to lack sufficient interest in the game to play regularly. Although the Country Club has offered its ground and stables to the players, polo at Buffalo undoubtedly slumbers. The Polo club has not come into the Association, and evidently needs some good stirring play to arouse the men to an appreciation of what glorious sport they are permitting to run to seed. The idea should always be borne in mind by the Polo Association and those who have the game's future at heart that it is by encouraging play at these several sections of the country that polo will grow in strength, skill, championship, and popularity. Once it has been thoroughly established, there will be players enough for several teams, and why should there not be in time play for sectional trophies, followed by games, like the Association season now, open to all? The game must grow even if left to shift for itself, but the Polo Association can aid it as well as itself by lending a helping hand to such struggling sections as Buffalo, for instance. Another in need of assistance is nearer home. On Staten Island they have been knocking the ball about for a couple of seasons, and a very little encouragement would result in the formation of a club. There is no reason why they should not be able to get together a strong team from among the sportsmen down there.

While Boston and Philadelphia were taking up the game, the Oyster Bay Club was likewise forming, with such guiding spirits as Elliott and Theodore Roosevelt, F. G. Underhill, and W. E. Tuckerman. Though its career has not been brilliant, owing to its scarcity of active members, it has furnished much good sport.

The Morris County (New Jersey) Country Club also formed a team in this year through the efforts of Gustave E. Kissell, ably seconded by W. K. Thorn, and shortly afterward acquired the present players of its team—Day, Lord, and Nicoll. They began practice when they had hardly seen a game, Mr. Thorn, of course, excepted, but they have pluckily tackled everything, and gone to every meeting. The consequence is their play has improved immeasurably, and the team has grown to be a strong one.

The great game of '89 was the final match of the Schenck Cup, valued at $1000, October 4th, and offered by Mr. Schenck in '86, in which year it was won by Westchester. Rockaway captured it in '87 and '88, and Meadow Brook won it also in '88. Rockaway (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherfurd) and Meadow Brook (E. Winthrop, Bird, Hitchcock, and E. C. Potter) came together in the final game in '89, and the former team won by 8 goals, thus by its three wins securing possession of the handsome trophy. In this year the Clark Cups for fours were given for the first time, and won by Essex (Dallet, Farr, E. Pfizer, and Robinson) by 10 goals from Country Club of Westchester (T. A. Havemeyer, L. Beekman, C. F. Havemeyer, and E. C. Potter), who played two periods, earning 1 goal, and then withdrew. The Turnure Cups for pairs this year went to Cowdin and Cheever over Beekman and E. C. Potter. Owing to dissatisfaction over the grounds at Newport, an attempt was made this year by the Westchester Polo Club to secure the Bateman place, on the famous Ocean Drive, but the price seemed too much, and the matter was dropped.

Last season, '90, was a very unfortunate one for spectators. The elements seemed to have conspired against them, for it rained at nearly every match. The great event of the year was the formation of the present Polo Association, and the first step towards regularly organizing the sport in this country. Mr. Herbert had been in the habit each spring of giving a dinner to the representatives of the several clubs, at which the plans for the year were discussed, but no regular association had ever existed.

At a dinner given March 21, 1890, by Mr. John E. Cowdin to a number of men interested in polo, a committee of five out of the number was appointed to formulate a plan which would harmonize and advance the interests of the several polo clubs; the committee consisting of John E. Cowdin, representing the Rockaway Club; Oliver W. Bird, representing the Meadow Brook Club; Douglas Robinson, Jun., representing the Essex County Country Club; E. C. Potter, representing the Country Club of Westchester; and H. L. Herbert, chairman. It was deemed for the best interest of the game and all concerned to form an association to be called the Polo Association, with a constitution and rules to govern all polo clubs which should be elected to membership.

The first regular meeting was held Friday, June 6, 1890, at the Equitable Building. Present: E. C. Potter, J. E. Cowdin, T. Hitchcock, Jun., Douglas Robinson, Jun., O. W. Bird, and H. L. Herbert. Moved by Mr. Robinson, and seconded by Mr. Bird, that the Country Club of Westchester, of Westchester, New York, E. C. Potter, delegate; Essex County Country Club, Douglas Robinson, Jun., delegate; Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, Oliver W. Bird, delegate; Morris County Country Club, Morristown, New Jersey, Benjamin Nicoll, delegate; Philadelphia Polo Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, John C. Groome, delegate; Rockaway Club, Cedarhurst, Long Island, John E. Cowdin, delegate; Westchester Polo Club, Newport, Rhode Island, T. Hitchcock, Jun., delegate—be elected members of the Polo Association.

The play of the men had improved so considerably at this time that a revision of handicaps was found necessary, and in most individual instances so much better was the form of '90 than that of '88 that the handicaps were doubled, a good showing for the American game surely. An excellent feature of this year was the Mixtum Compositum Cups for individual entries from which teams were to be made up at the port. The cup was won by Charles Carroll, Elliott Roosevelt, S. D. Ripley, and H. V. R. Kennedy by 4 goals, from D. Winthrop, E. W. Roby, and P. F. Collier. It is unfortunate a cup under similar conditions is not given every year, for no better practice for all-round play could be had. The other victories of this year were the Herbert Trophies won by Rockaway's regular team (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherfurd) by 1 goal from the Meadow Brook regular (T. Hitchcock, A. Belmont, Bird, and D. Winthrop); the Country Club of Westchester Cup, won by T. A. Havemeyer, Marion Story, L. Beekman, and E. C. Potter, comprising the home team, from Morristown (Lord, Day, N. Henderson, and Nicoll) by 8 goals; Westchester Cups, for pairs whose handicap did not exceed 5 goals, won by E. C. Potter and R. L. Beekman, by 5 goals, from H. C. and J. C. Groome; Governors' Challenge Cup, won by Meadow Brook regular, by 9½ goals, from Essex; Clark Cups, won by Meadow Brook from Rockaway Second team (L. J. Francke, Farley Clark, A. C. Tower, J. S. Stevens) by 5 goals; Turnure Cups, for pairs, won by Nicoll and Lord from Cowdin and Rutherfurd by 3 goals. The season at Newport was especially lively. The Association Cups, representing the championship, offered for the first time, were won by Meadow Brook regular from Harvard (R. J. Crocker, C. C. Baldwin, J. A. Burden, Jun., and R. L. Agassiz) by 2 goals; the Consolation Cups went to the Myopias by 2½ goals from Harvard; while the Sanford Cups, for scratch teams of three, were won by Foxhall Keene, E. C. Potter, and J. S. Stevens from B. Nicoll, W. B. Lord, and W. K. Thorn. The Meadow Brook Autumn Challenge Cup was won by Rockaway regular from Meadow Brook regular by 2 goals in a sharp game.

At the first meeting of the Polo Association this year safety knock outs were recognized and fixed at counting a quarter goal. It was also proposed to try a 3¼ and 3½ inch ball in place of the 3-inch, but after experimenting, the regulation 3-inch was adopted.

The season opened at Meadow Brook with the home team winning the Hempstead Handicap Cups from Rockaway by 4 goals. The scene then shifted to Westchester, where the Country Club (C. S. Bates, T. A. Havemeyer, R. L. Beekman, E. C. Potter) won the Herbert Trophies from Second Rockaway (L. J. Francke, R. J. Francke, J. S. Stevens, L. Turnure, Jun.) by 7 goals; and Nicoll and Lord secured the Turnure Cups for pairs from Groome and McKean by 6 goals. At Orange, a week later, Rockaway First team secured the Governors' Challenge Cup by defeating the Country Club of Westchester, 18½ goals to 13¾. The play had been fast in all these games, so that many teams, to rest their ponies, scratched for the events at Cedarhurst. The best game of the season up to date, however, was the one for the Association Cups between Meadow Brook and Rockaway. It was hotly contested from start to finish, the latter team winning by 1½ goals. On the same grounds, a few days later, Lord, Thorn, and Nicoll, of Morristown, won the Clark Cups from Cheever, Cowdin, and Rutherfurd by half a goal. Following these, Oyster Bay week brought together for the club cup the home team and Morristown in the finals, the latter winning by a quarter goal in the last two minutes of play.

This brings the record of polo in this country down to date.

The history of American polo would hardly be complete without some comment on the top players of to-day.

Foxhall Keene, who is handicapped 10 goals, is undeniably the most brilliant player in this country. It is doubtful if he has an equal in England; certainly he has no superior. Most players show some especially strong features, and I have watched Keene for several years, trying to determine on his particularly strong points, but without discovering them. He is an all-round player, with a marvellously quick eye, sure stroke, and dash of play that is most fascinating to watch. He enters the game with his heart in his work, and always plays to win. Some of the strokes he makes on the field seem impossible. I have seen him reach the ball over his pony's quarters after he had passed it. Forehand, overhand, and backhand are all the same to Keene, and whenever he hits the ball it is invariably sent towards the opponents' goal. His play often varies with his disposition from brilliant to erratic, but it is always good, and he never lets up in pace from start to finish.

John E. Cowdin stands next to Keene on the handicap list, being called upon to give 8 goals, and together the two are invincible on a team, each excelling in qualities wherein the other is weak. Cowdin is not a brilliant player, but certainly the most effective in this country. He is never showy, but he is as steady as a rock, and when he sits down in the saddle and rides, he invariably accomplishes his purpose. He is a hard and true hitter, and though not so expert in backhand and overhand as Keene, is none the less very accurate. He is, by all odds, the most valuable man any team could have.

Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., is one of the oldest players in America, and the third best, being handicapped 7 goals. He makes the rare combination of brilliancy and steadiness, and is strong in each. Mr. Hitchcock possesses another trait, probably equally as rare, in his invariable good temper. No amount of "riding off" apparently destroys his good nature. He is always a sportsman in its truest and best interpretation. Undoubtedly his strongest feature of play is his overhand work. He has not so powerful a backhand stroke. He always plays hard, has wonderful nerve, and is seldom if ever rattled.

If an American team ever goes to England, August Belmont should unquestionably be its No. 1. In this position he is head and shoulders above any player in the country. He is invariably well mounted, rides superbly, and has nerve enough to "ride off" the very Old Nick himself, even though he weighed 300 pounds. Mr. Belmont was one of the first in this country to take up the game, and has been one of its warmest supporters and most persevering exponents. He is handicapped 6 goals.

O. W. Bird is also handicapped 6 goals, and in play he is very much like Mr. Cowdin. His position on the team does not permit of his doing any showy play, but he is very steady, and his work always counts for his side. He rides well, is very sure on the ball when in form, and is a thoroughly first-class man. He was one of the organizers of the Harvard Polo Club, and has always been an earnest worker and liberal for the advancement of the game.

Douglas Robinson and W. Rutherfurd, each handicapped 6 goals, are the best "backs" in the country, and which is the better of the two is difficult to say. They are both very steady, though probably Mr. Robinson is just a bit more indifferent to surroundings calculated to rattle one than Mr. Rutherfurd. The latter is very sure on the ball, though, and makes some remarkable plays. His career in polo has been a long one, filled with magnificent work for his team. Mr. Robinson rides at about 220 pounds, and consequently cannot be "ridden off." He is sure on the ball, and his powerful strokes are very telling.

E. C. Potter, handicapped 6 goals, is another back who is very close to Messrs. Rutherfurd and Robinson, and he has probably made the greatest improvement in the last few years of any. He is a most enthusiastic player, and, like Keene, plays to win from start to finish. At times his play is brilliant, but it is good always. He is pretty sure on the ball, and a good all-round man.

R. D. Winthrop, handicapped 5 goals, is the "back" of the Meadow Brook Club, and a strong, determined player. There are times when his game is equal to the best, and his performances this season have shown that he has the material, with practice, to reach that point and stay there. He is plucky and a good all-round man. Another improving man is J. D. Cheever, who is now handicapped 4 goals, but has shown occasional play too good for that limit. T. P. Farr is a steady player who has fast ponies. When he gets the ball away he is very hard to catch, but he is not fond of a scrimmage, and is the least effective 6-goal man in the Association.

It would hardly be fair not to say a word about the ponies that have done their share toward developing the game. Away back in the very first days of polo, and when the ponies were 13 hands, Mr. Bennett, Hermann Oelrichs, and Mr. Griswold owned three little fellows that were remarkable for their speed and endurance, but these had only a short day. The greatest two of the earlier days, H. L. Herbert's Fox and August Belmont's Brick, stand out most prominently. They were both hardy, wonderfully fast, and evidently enjoyed the game, for they followed the ball closely and with rare intelligence. Fox was a wonder, indeed. He was ten times a winner at the horse show, and died at an old age. His owner to-day has a lasting memento of him in a pair of riding-boots made from his hide. Of later-day ponies are Mr. Hitchcock's Dorothy and Mr. Cowdin's Clover. The former won at the horse show year before last, but was beaten by the latter last year. Clover is probably the best polo pony on the field to-day. Strong and fast, she follows the ball like a cat, and requires very little guiding from her rider.

And, finally, I come now to the possibilities of polo in America. Earlier in this article I said the game was greatly misunderstood. The popular impression that only those with long purses and leisure in abundance may play polo is quite erroneous. The expense of the game is by no means so great as generally supposed, but like every other sport it can be made very costly. You may have the barrel of your gun covered with etchings if you like, or your yacht resplendent in brass trimmings, but you do not add to the effectiveness of the one nor the speed of the other. So with polo. You may, if you wish and your bank account permits of it, have half a dozen ponies, but it is not necessary to have so many in order to play the game. There is no tangible reason why, in any community where six or eight men will chip in to keep a field clipped and rolled, polo should not be played and much sport had with one pony to each player. Every man who rows does not immediately set up a racing shell. Every man who rides a bicycle does not change his roadster for a racer. Why, then, should those inclined to play polo refrain from so doing because they fancy a stable of ponies is necessary?

It is an unfortunate mistake that such should have been the impression all these years, else we should have had polo teams to-day throughout the country. One pony is enough for sport; if in a town where rural teams struggle for sectional supremacy, two ponies are ample, and when you improve enough in play to contest a game with the crack teams, you will require three ponies. More than any other game, polo offers great inducement to business men who have sufficient regard for their health to go in for a little sport. To begin with, during the summer season, the playing can be done during the pleasanter and cooler part of the day and after office hours. Out of season, the polo pony, which costs only from $100 to $150, is the most useful four-legged animal on earth, work in harness and under saddle improves him, and his keep is less than full-sized horses. Of course a player with one pony can't take part in match games; but he can play polo, and get much sport out of it, and I am authorized by H. L. Herbert, Esq., Chairman, to say that the Polo Association will furnish rules and full particulars to any wishing to take up the game, even if they do not aspire to become members of the Association, nor play in the tournament's matches. As to the healthful side of polo, it is the greatest bile-breaking, chest-expanding, blood-stirring, and muscle-making game on record. If you don't believe me, try it, and discover what you have been missing all these years.

VOLUNTEER SAILOR-MEN OF BOSTON.

The White Squadron, the beginning of our new navy, the pride of every citizen, has resolved itself for the time into a peripatetic training fleet. The naval militia of Boston were taken in hand on Tuesday, July 7th, and the volunteer blue-jacket was initiated into the mysteries of big guns, torpedoes, flash-lights, and a score of other naval duties. The night previous to the first lesson they slept in hammocks—or, to be precise, they tumbled into the hammocks on board the *Wabash* with the avowed purpose of sleeping. It is stated that but a few men fell out of their unaccustomed beds; but a ship at anchor in a harbor is not addicted to plunging during calm weather, although the treacherous nature of a hammock upon solid earth is proverbial. At the unsatisfactory hour of six in the morning the reveille bade all men "tumble out," and it may be that those who had performed that feat during the night were but practising in order to be perfect when the time came. Then the militia-men stowed hammocks and performed their toilet, arraying themselves in their nice white service rig, after which they had breakfast. This important preliminary was followed by muster and drill call, and a little after nine the battalion took to the boats and were ushered upon the decks of the new men-of-war. Then the sure-enough sailors and gunners were brought into contact with their civilian brothers-in-war. A dozen men were told off for each gun, and took their places alongside of the regular gun crews, each man being ordered to note the movements of the particular service man to whom he was assigned. Then the naval officers began the drill, and as it proceeded explained to the volunteers the workings of the great guns, what to avoid and what to watch for, laying stress upon minute particulars regarding the handling of explosives. During this drill the amateurs did not participate actively, but a second drill followed, when the professionals were dismissed, and the volunteer sailors of Boston did the work. The verdict was that they did it well, and there was no qualifying phrase which meant "as well as could be expected." This was all done without the introduction of ammunition, but after dinner, or "mid-day mess," or whatever they call the noonday meal in naval parlance, the militia-men were taken below and properly presented to the substances that may make an epoch in history, and necessitate the manufacture of new geographies, with revised maps. On all the vessels of the squadron the same tactics were gone through with, according to programme, and at half past four the battalion were returned to the *Wabash*. Putting on blue uniforms, they ate their evening meal, and then dilated upon the enchantment of real ship life until they went again to their hammocks, at an early hour.

On Wednesday the morning ceremonies of the day previous were repeated, until they stood again at the guns in the positions assigned them upon the war vessels. Then they were made a part and parcel of the ships' crews, and alternated instruction below with drill at the great guns and the lesser ones. Primers were on the guns this time, and the realism was added to. They ate at noon, and then had more drill, this time with their own officers. At 2.30 they took to the boats, which were equipped with all the necessaries actually used in case of war, including a scattering of marines to guard them from danger. The different manœuvres were then gone through with as directed by the signal flags from the flag-ship. The volunteers worked with the energy of the regulars; and there was a great deal of work about it, too, for men-of-war carry large boats, and large boats with the full complement of passengers are not light by any means. When it was all over they regained the *Wabash*, and this time turned into their hammocks, tired out with their day's labor, to sleep, if they never did before.

At 10.30 the next day the militia-men were steaming out of the harbor on board of the men-of-war. There was plenty of work for everybody in getting under way, and a crowd of distinguished guests looked on. The ships went out about five miles, until they reached a position about a mile from Minot's Ledge Light-house. Real missiles were fired at a target six and eight hundred feet away, and sometimes the shots struck, and generally landed in the immediate vicinity of the mark. The batteries were manned entirely by the militia and their officers, the vessels steaming along in line, and firing rapidly when the target came in range—first from the starboard, and then, countermarching, from the port side. The results were very satisfactory, and Admiral Walker expressed his delight at the quick and able work of the volunteers. It was a day of incident and excitement, the presence of an enemy only being needed to make the entire thing real.

A little after nine o'clock on Friday the squadron again raised anchor and set out for Deer Island. Everything had been arranged for a sham battle, and everybody knew just how it would turn out; but there was pleasure in it for many, and practice for the volunteers. A force of men was landed for the defence of the island, and when they and their guns were in position, the remainder of the men on board the fleet were sent out to wrest the disputed island from their brothers-in-arms. Men fell before the fire of blank-cartridges from both sides, and the relief corps were busy in aiding the wounded and dead. They carried in both, because it was difficult to distinguish between them, although the unfortunates could assure them on both points. The guns on the big boats aided the invaders by an incessant fire, and after a severe fight and many evolutions, terms of capitulation were arranged, and the victors and vanquished together sought the ships, accompanied by the wounded and killed, who declined to be left behind, and marched with the rest to the landing-place. Then they went back to Boston, pleased and gratified with their performance, and received the compliments of the officers who make it a life work to know how such things should be done. And in the evening the volunteers were once more as good as anybody, and danced on board the *Wabash* in company with their late commanders, and emphasized their value in the social way. At 10.30 taps were sounded, and the volunteer sailors went home and relapsed once more into private citizens, but possessed of a knowledge that would prove unpleasant to an enemy if the government should need their services.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

In Bernalillo County, New Mexico, of which Albuquerque is the county town, the name perhaps survives of Fray Juan Bernal. This pious friar of the seventeenth century, the Father Custodian of New Mexico, was murdered at Galisteo by the Pueblo Indians in the great revolt of 1680. East of the Glorieta Range his name is perpetuated in Bernal Mountain, with its sloping sides and shaft-like "table-top," surmounted by *penitentes'* crosses—an elevation often known in modern days as Starvation Peak. Bernalillo County, the general dimensions of which are 136 miles from east to west, and 75 miles from north to south, is distinctively the sheep-raising district of the Territory, and for centuries great fortunes were made by the early ranch-owners. Vast arid tracts, worthless for cultivation owing to lack of water, provide unfailing pasturage for sheep and cattle summer and winter, with no need of care save that of herding the animals.

The region is rich in minerals. Copper mines are extensively worked at Copper City, at the head waters of the Rio Puerco of the East. The Sandia Mountains to the north-east, and the San Mateo and the Jemez Mountains to the northwest, of Albuquerque abound in copper, silver, and coal. In Tijeras Cañon, east of the Rio Grande, veins nine feet thick of bituminous coal are worked, and extensive coal fields are mined at Gallup, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, near the Arizona line.

Albuquerque, the altitude of which is 5026 feet, is situated about seventy miles south of Santa Fe, on the left bank of the Rio Grande. With a population of 6058 inhabitants, it is the largest town in New Mexico, slightly outnumbering Santa Fe, the next in size. Until the coming of railroads about ten years ago, the old town of flat-roofed adobe shops and houses built on the river-bank was wholly Mexican in aspect, and was characterized by many spacious houses, each built about a *placeta* or court-yard, and environed by gardens, orchards, and vineyards. Many Spanish Americans of wealth and distinction resided here, and it was the trading-point of an extensive district, occupied, as now, by stock ranches and by the inhabitants of a dozen Indian pueblos.

San Felipe Neri de Albuquerque, to give its full and early title to the New Mexican emporium of the Rio Grande Valley, was founded by Spaniards about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was named in honor of Francisco Fernandez de la Cuerva, Duke of Albuquerque, who was Viceroy of Mexico during the periods of 1659–60 and 1701–11. According to that eminent authority, Professor Adolf F. Bandelier, the town during the seventeenth century occupied a different site from its present one. It was a small plaza among the ranches scattered along this part of the river valley, which the proprietors held by force of arms against predatory savages, while their Indian vassals tilled the alluvial bottom-lands, and tended the flocks and herds in the plains to east and west. The hidalgos left the country in haste in the perilous time of the great uprising of the Pueblo Indians in 1680, and on the return of white settlers to this locality, after the Spanish reconquest of New Mexico a dozen years later, the town was located in its present place, which had been the hacienda of the Lieutenant-Governor, Alonzo Garcia.

Through the century and a half that followed the reconquest, Albuquerque was a place of note among the Mexican settlements strung along the Rio Grande from Taos to Socorro, and after New Mexico became a part of the United States, the town increased in importance. With the extension of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway to this point in 1880, the part of Albuquerque known as the "new town" was laid out about the railway station, and at once became a centre of business activity, with a considerable population. Unlike most Western railroad towns, it has never had a "boom," but in the place of that ephemeral excitement, usually the prelude to collapse, it has maintained a steady and substantial growth. The new district lies in greater part to the west of the railway station, about a mile east from the old town, with which it is connected by a street-car line. It is built of wood, brick, and stone, and modern and tasteful residences, surrounded by grounds beautified with trees, flowers, and shrubbery, extend from its business quarter southward down the valley, or westward along the avenue leading to the old town. It has street railways, gas-works, electric light, water-works, telephones, two daily newspapers, good public schools, and eleven churches.

The new town is built after the modern fashion, its main streets—Railroad and Gold avenues — with their substantial business blocks, presenting the usual appearance of a thriving young Western city. All the principal streets are graded and provided with side-walks. Many important additions and improvements have been made during the past year, including the expenditure of $50,000 by the city government in beginning a complete sewer system for the town. In Albuquerque are held the sittings of the District Court of the Second Judicial District and the United States Court. The court-house in the old town, a modern and handsome building, contrasts oddly with the vista of antique portals which front the street, with a wind-mill in the background.

The scenery about Albuquerque is strange and picturesque. Eastward a mesa ten miles in width extends southerly, parallel with the river, between the valley and the mountain bases. In the northeast the lofty oblong summits of the Sandia (Watermelon) Mountains rise above this table-land, their rocky, partly timbered sides revealing in the afternoon sun varied hues of blue, brown, red, and gray. South of the Sandias lies a lower range of mountains through which Tijeras, Coyote, and Hell cañons afford passage from the eastern plains down to the valley and its city among the sands, and to the southeast of these mountains rise the far-off crests of the Manzana range. The western bank of the long southward stretch of river is marked by low rolling bluffs, back of which rise from the plain the peaks of the detached mountain group, the Ladrones, a rendezvous in former times for robbers. Westward a chain of brown hills breaks the view, and in the northwest are seen, blue in the distance, the San Mateo and Jemez mountains.

Rising among the mountains of Colorado, at an altitude of 11,920 feet, the Rio Grande, on its way to the Gulf of Mexico, flows through New Mexico from north to south—a distance of about 360 miles measured on the meridian, with a fall of 2200 feet in that extent. Much of its volume oozes underground, percolating the sands, so that water may be found anywhere in the valley by digging to the depth of the river's surface. In the spring and summer overflows its muddy current deposits in the valley a sediment of volcanic, granitic, and silicious soil, forming alluvial bottom-lands of great depth and inexhaustible fertility.

The Rio Grande in its landscape setting has a rare picturesqueness as unusual and individual as that associated with the scenery of the Nile Valley. Along its waters, deriving their sustenance from fields enriched by its overflow, are Spanish American and Indian villages of low rectangular adobe houses about the quaint massive church standing against a background of mesas, mountains, and sand-hills. The stretch of thick muddy water, with its distant sheens of blue and silver, winds its long way amid prevailing gray and red landscape tints interspersed with the deep green of cotton-wood groves and low thickets which fringe its banks, and the lighter verdure of growing crops. Mud-walled fields and gardens, irrigated by means of rude ditches which conduct the water from the *acequia madre*, or main ditch, leading from the river, surround the adobe houses scattered along the valley.

The vine and fruit lands along the river begin at a short distance above the town of Bernalillo, seventeen miles north of Albuquerque, and from that point southward are many orchards and vineyards new and old. Apples, pears, quinces, apricots, peaches, and plums have been abundantly raised here, with little care, by the native inhabitants since the first settlement of the country by Europeans, and now all the small fruits are successfully cultivated. Especially is this part of New Mexico favorable to vineyard culture, and the grape of the Rio Grande Valley will compare favorably in juiciness, sweetness, and flavor with the product of any other locality in the world. The variety most generally cultivated is the Mission grape, introduced at an early period by Franciscan friars, but the Muscatel and other kinds of recent introduction are also found.

By the aid of irrigation every plant of the temperate zone may be successfully raised in the Rio Grande Valley. Corn and wheat yield abundantly, and oats, barley, beans, and alfalfa are staple crops. Vegetables of all kinds grow to great size, and are excellent of quality. All the New Mexican fruits are of fine flavor, and they bring a much higher price in market than the similar California productions. At various estates up and down the river the business of wine-making is conducted on a considerable scale, and with the due improvement of its advantages, the valley of the Rio Grande will take a high place among the wine and brandy producing districts of the world. The old method of treading out the grape by the feet of men and women has been mainly succeeded by the use of wine-presses and other labor-saving and more efficient processes.

As the leading town of this fertile valley and the market for a wide mining and grazing district, Albuquerque is destined to maintain a high rank among cities of the Southwest. The machine-shops of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway are located here, furnishing regular employment to from 350 to 400 men. The 25,000,000 pounds of wool annually produced in New Mexico, which is principally shipped at Albuquerque, is carried to distant Eastern mills to be manufactured into cloth, blankets, carpets, and in these forms much of it finds its way back to the people who produced it. As a seat for prospective woollen manufactories Albuquerque has a great advantage over Eastern cities in the matter of freight, in cheapness of fuel and of raw materials, and in the assurance of a home market for its products in a wide surrounding territory. The thousands of tons of ore from the mines of New Mexico and Arizona which pass weekly through Albuquerque to the smelteries of Colorado, Omaha, and Kansas City could as well be treated at this place; canning factories would find at hand an abundant supply of fruits for their purpose; and manufacturing industries of many other kinds, particularly of machinery, could be introduced to the profit of manufacturer and consumer.

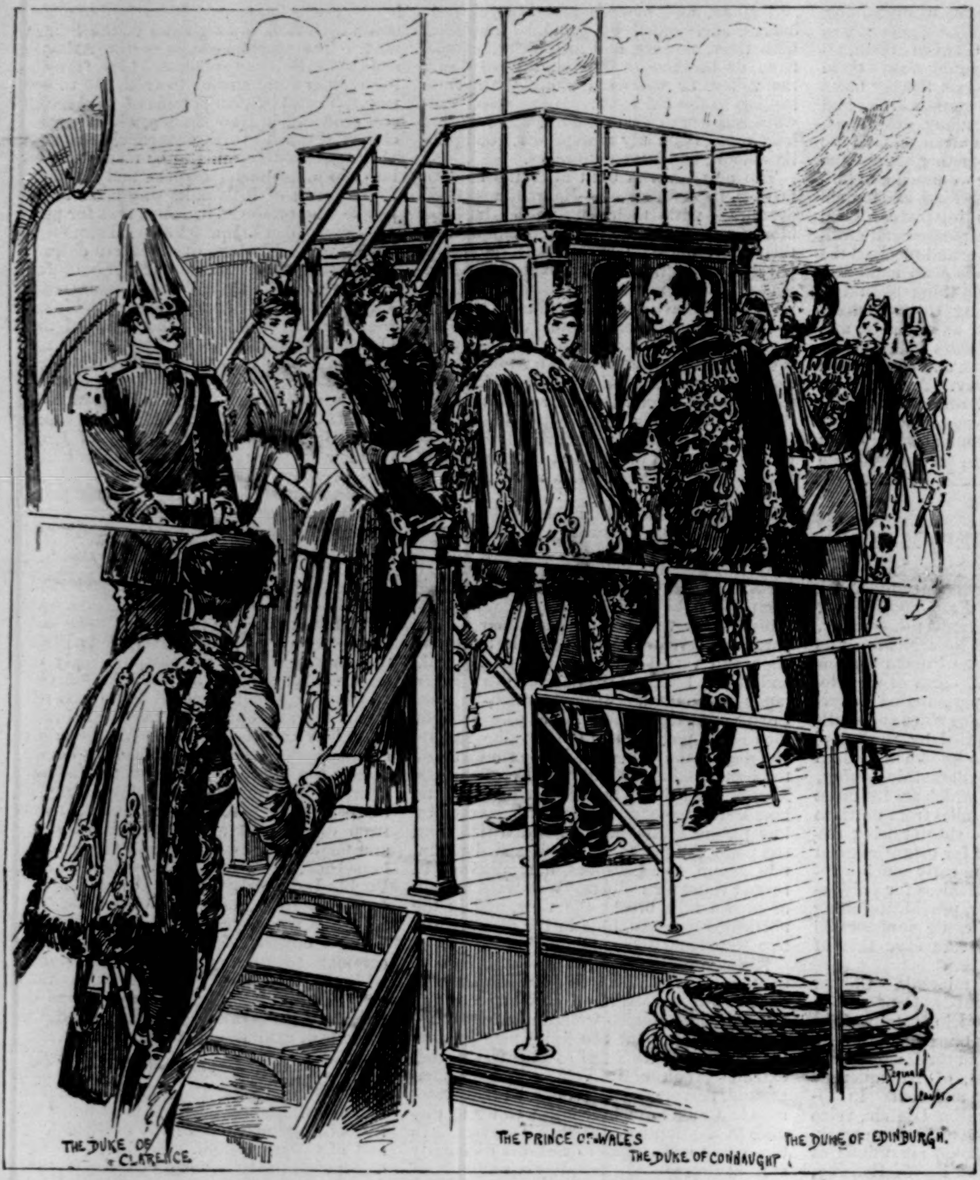
Albuquerque is noted for the energy and public spirit of its citizens. Its Board of Trade is represented by the Commercial Club, every member of which makes it his business to talk up the town, and lend a hand at all times to help its prosperity. The leading business street, Gold Street, viewed from the railway station, presents strikingly the features of an enterprising Southwestern city. In the foreground, enclosed by an iron railing, is the appropriate statue of an Indian with bow and quiver, and far down the avenue, between the rows of business houses, appear the tower and cross of the Catholic church, indicating the prevailing religion of the people. Six-mule teams and ox teams from camps and ranches, carriages, sulky and tandem rigs, cowboys and vaqueros on horseback, Mexicans riding upon burros, Pueblo Indians driving donkeys laden with fruit or pottery, and groups of wild-looking Navajoes, who have come from their reservation on errands of barter or curiosity, are common features of the scene. Mingled with these are miners, Chinamen, tourists, and sometimes strange visitors from the Orient—a party of Turks or Arabs peddling trinkets or exhibiting a troupe of performing bears.

The old town, following the religious faith of its founders, the Conquistadores, makes much of the saints' days, its most noted festivals being those of our Lady of Guadaloupe and of Corpus Christi. Headed by church dignitaries, the religious procession on these days, with canopy and guidons, marches to the music of a band through the street, reverentially regarded by the crowd of spectators that crowd the sidewalks or crouch along the sidewalks and the plaza fence.

The city is well provided with schools of various kinds. Here, upon a beautiful site, stands the University of New Mexico, maintained by an appropriation of $25,000 a year from the Territorial treasury. The Albuquerque College was opened in 1887 for both sexes, with a regular college curriculum, and 160 pupils were enrolled in this institution last year. Its faculty consists of a president and six assistant instructors. The New West Educational Society has at this city its headquarters for the Southwest, and the academy of this association, recently completed, is one of the finest school buildings between Kansas and California. The Albuquerque Academy, organized and incorporated in 1883, occupies a new three-story building, with a good library and large lecture-room. The Presbyterian Board of Missions have maintained here since 1867 an Indian boarding-school, which is conducted by a principal with a staff of nine teachers. Two miles and a half from the city is situated the Government Indian Industrial Training School, with extensive buildings and grounds. It is in charge of a principal, assisted by an able corps of teachers, and its attendance last season was 200 pupils. The Presbyterian church and the Sisters of Charity have schools at Albuquerque, and there is also maintained here a small private school for girls.

Situated practically at the junction of the two great Southern overland railways, Albuquerque possesses a commercial position of great advantage. From it the Atlantic and Pacific Railway runs westward into California through a country which from the Rio Grande to the Colorado River is a fine grazing, mining, and timber region. Crossing New Mexico from north to south, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway makes a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific road at Albuquerque, and continuing southward, connects with the Southern Pacific Railway at Deming, and with the Mexican Central and its connecting roads at El Paso, Texas; so that Albuquerque has railway communication with the great channels of trade on the north, south, and west. Several prospective railways, some of which are now building, will connect with this city or find in it a terminus. The extension of the St. Louis and San Francisco road westward from the Indian Territory to a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, a possible cut-off by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway from Kiowa, Kansas, southwest to the Rio Grande, and a road connecting the city with the Texas system of railways to the southeast, are among these projected lines.

Clarence Pullen.



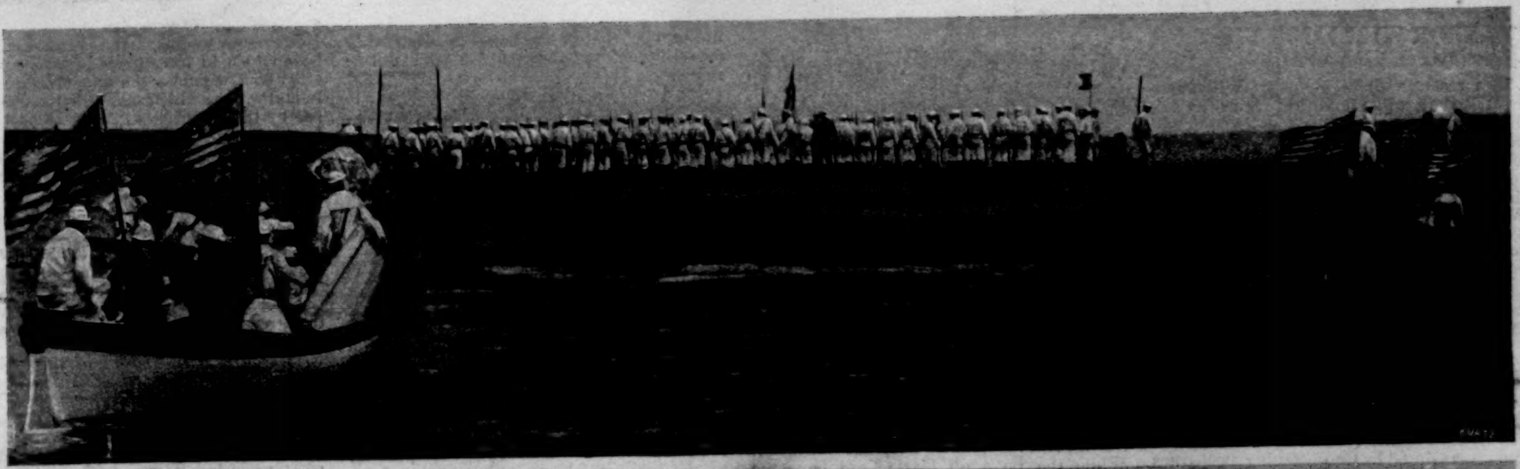
THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HOHENZOLLERN" WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT PORT VICTORIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES KISSING THE EMPRESS'S HAND.

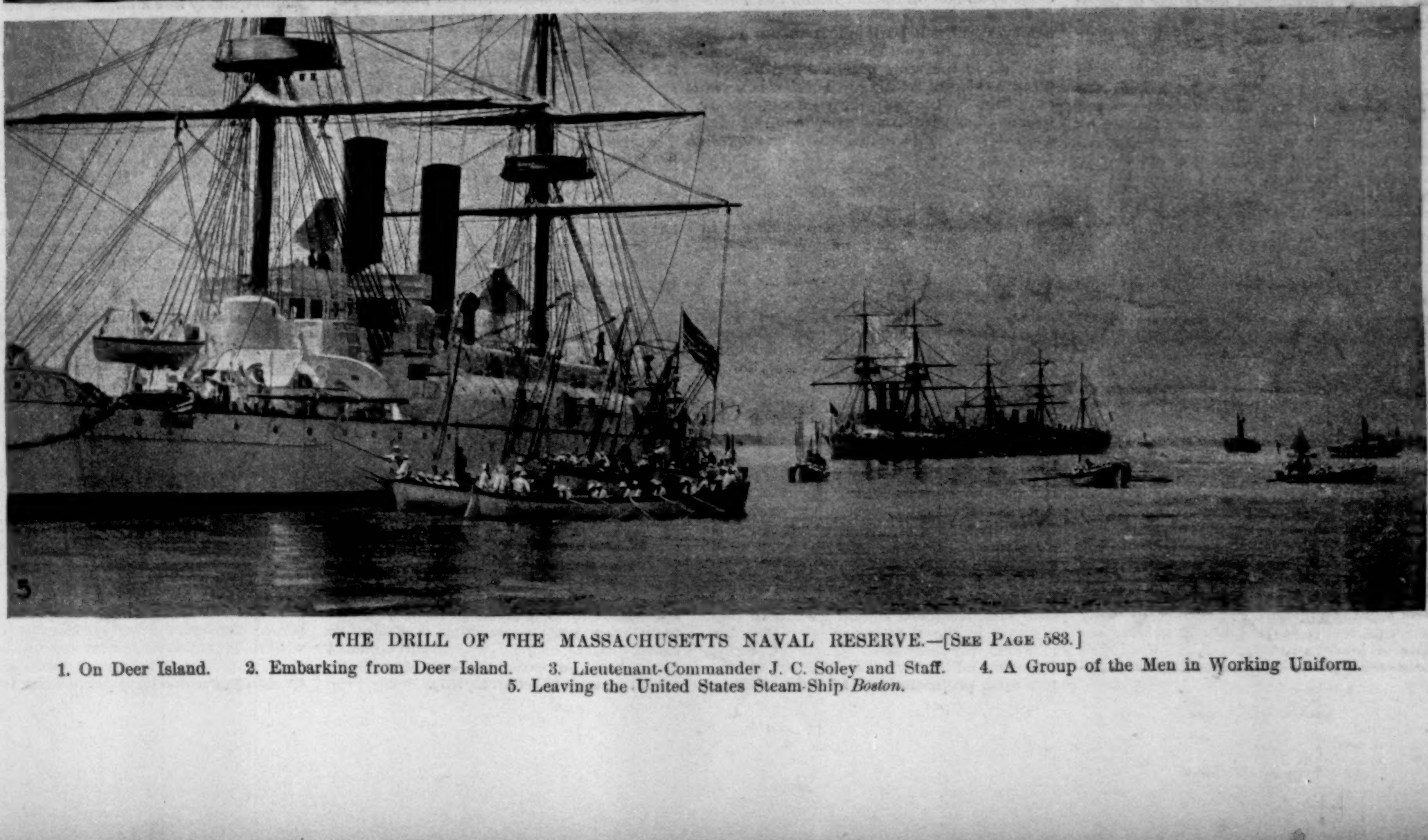
THE EMPEROR.—From a Photograph taken during his Youth.

THE EMPEROR AND THE CROWN-PRINCE.

THE RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION AT WINDSOR.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.—[See Page 586.]





THE DRILL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS NAVAL RESERVE.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

1. On Deer Island. 2. Embarking from Deer Island. 3. Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Soley and Staff. 4. A Group of the Men in Working Uniform. 5. Leaving the United States Steam-Ship *Boston*.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE recent visit of Emperor William to Great Britain will remain on record as one of the great historical events of the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria. Independently of all political and social considerations, it is of interest as having been the first visit in state of a German Emperor since close upon four hundred years ago. The last occasion on which a German Emperor set foot on English soil was when, in 1519, Charles V. crossed over the Channel from Antwerp, and landed near Folkestone for the purpose of calling upon his uncle, King Henry VIII.

No more striking demonstration of the onward march of enlightenment and civilization can be obtained than from a comparison of the published accounts of William's reception with those of Emperor Charles V. The former was escorted up the Thames by swift torpedo-boats, was saluted by the deafening discharges of 100-ton guns, and was welcomed on board his splendidly appointed steam-yacht by his very *fin du siècle* uncle, the Prince of Wales; whereas Charles V., the mightiest monarch of the Middle Ages, was received on his huge slave-propelled galley by Cardinal Wolsey, who brought him ashore near Folkestone in a gilded barge amidst salutes fired from 6-pound guns, and escorted him to Dover Castle, where the Emperor was welcomed by his uncle, King Henry VIII. The aim of Charles's visit, like that of Emperor William's, was to win Great Britain over into a coalition against France, and the marks of favor and consideration bestowed, with this object in view, by the German Kaiser of the sixteenth century upon King Henry's all-powerful minister, Cardinal Wolsey, find their counterpart in the analogous and similarly interested demonstrations of good will on the part of the young German Kaiser of to-day toward Queen Victoria's minister, the Marquis of Salisbury.

Probably the most successful and notable feature of the entire visit of Emperor William was his triumphal progress through the city of London to the Guildhall. No German Emperor had passed within the boundaries of Temple Bar since 1416, when Kaiser Sigismund visited the city while staying with King Henry V., the Prince Hal of Shakespeare; and it may safely be asserted that no foreign potentate, nor yet any statesman, ever received such a tribute of respect, deference, and one might almost add servility, from this the most important commercial centre of the world, as did Emperor William. Extraordinary and yet comprehensible was the anxiety with which these great city magnates—the moving spirits of the trade of the universe—scanned the features of the young monarch, and strained their ears to catch every word that fell from his lips. For they realize full well that the maintenance of peace is indispensable to commercial prosperity, and that war means ruin to many if not to most of them. They know, too, that Emperor William, impulsive, quick-tempered, and headstrong, is practically the autocrat of a powerful nation of 40,000,000 Germans, besides being the absolute and irresponsible master of an army of 3,000,000 men, admittedly the most powerful military force on the face of the globe. It is upon the caprice and whim of this young German Emperor, who declares himself answerable for his actions, not to his people or to the world, but to God alone, that depends the maintenance of European peace. He has it in his power either to assure the latter, or to involve the Old World in all the horrors of war. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the City Fathers of London should have been eager to propitiate and to earn the good will of a monarch who, with the power of peace and war vested in his hands, is able to control the continuance or the decline of their commercial prosperity.

It is fortunate that the Emperor's stay in England did not extend beyond a week, for the admiration and astonishment created among the steady and easy-going Britons by the restless activity of their imperial guest were on the point of giving way to a feeling of intense weariness, when he took his departure to go whale-hunting off the northernmost point of Europe. Perpetually on the go during twenty hours out of every twenty-four, he literally did not give his entertainers a moment's rest, and left them practically panting for breath when he bade them adieu. While the impression which he has created in England appears to have been excellent, it is tempered by a sentiment of relief that he occupies the German and not the English throne. They admit that he is a man of action, full of vitality, and neither slothful, self-indulgent, nor obtuse; but they prefer their own *roi fainéant*, so perfectly and admirably exemplified by their constitutional sovereign. The German Emperor's visit has had the effect of increasing their loyalty towards their own monarchy. Having enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining an insight into the characteristics of the restless German King Stork, they have come to the conclusion that they infinitely prefer their own inactive Queen Log. The populace that lined the Strand to see the German Emperor pass were disappointed, according to many accounts, owing to the Empress holding her parasol in such a way that the Emperor's head was almost hidden under its silk covering.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE PERFORMANCES LAST WEEK of *Beatrix* and *Oweene* have done much for Eastern yachtsmen. They have been lifted completely out of the depths of despair into which the *Gloriana* had cast them, and some of the more enthusiastic are actually discussing the possibility of *Beatrix* winning the Corinthian Sweepstakes at Newport next month. If there is anything in comparisons, or if the form shown by the 46-footers in their previous races can be counted upon as a basis, one is fairly safe in saying that, accidents excepted, Mr. Morgan's boat must prove the champion 46-footer of '91. As this column set forth last week, however, the *Gloriana* is putting on new and larger canvas, and she may or may not sail faster. While the races off Marblehead have not developed a champion, they have shown clearly that the *Gloriana* will be called on to do her best, or lower her colors to either *Beatrix* or *Oweene*. I say either one or the other of these two, because, notwithstanding the fact that the centre-board has won twice from the *Oweene*, it has been in weather just to her liking, and by a small margin that might readily be overcome. Last week I said that in a good stiff breeze *Beatrix* was likely to prove the faster of the two, and she has; but we must see her in light and fluky weather before acknowledging her superiority.

THE VICTORY OF "BEATRIX" was a very popular one in Eastern waters, where so many yachtsmen cling with desperate fondness to the centre-board type. Of course all attention was concentrated on her and *Sayonara*, the latter having sailed with the *Gloriana* and been beaten. In the first day's event the *Sayonara* broke her bobstay when about half the distance had been sailed, and put about for home, making comparison mere guesswork. On the second day, however, she went over the course, and *Beatrix* beat her by about four minutes; *Gloriana* had won from her on a margin of about ten minutes; therefore, as I have said above, if one can judge from these facts, Boston must be content with second honors this year in the 46-foot class. The *Alborak* has shown no improvement. There are some who believe she will yet come up in good shape and show speed, but these are very likely carried away by their faith in her owner. General Paine is a sportsman and a yachtsman; if there is any "go" in *Alborak* he will bring it out, but the query is, has she any "go"?

THE CHERRY DIAMOND YACHT CLUB will exhibit much wisdom if it secures, before holding its second special race for 46-footers, men on its Regatta Committee who have previously attended at least one yacht race, and know enough to go in when it rains. It is bad enough to choose men who have no qualifications for office, but when indifference to duty is added to ignorance the case becomes exasperating indeed. Captain Somers's efforts deserved more success than attended the race last Saturday. Of the 46-footers the *Mineola*, *Jessica*, and *Nautilus* started; the *Mineola* took the lead and held it, until, reaching the point where a stake boat should have been, Mr. Belmont discovered that the very intelligent Regatta Committee had overlooked that little detail, and he very properly withdrew his yacht. The race should be declared off, and sailed over.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB cruise, which came to an end off Shelter Island last Thursday, was one of the most successful the club has ever had, not particularly in the extent of the fleet, though it was of a very creditable size, but in the more practical and likewise pleasant side of cruising. There was no racing from port to port, the yachts got under way at their leisure, and every one recorded a good run. The management was excellent.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB begins its 47th annual cruise next Monday, August 3d, and it is likely to prove a memorable one in the club's history from the fact of its rendezvous being at Glen Cove, Long Island, and within reach of so many of the club's friends. There are to be the usual runs from port to port, with a "squadron run" prize given in each class where two or more start. The Goelet Cups will be sailed for August 7th, off Newport, as well as contests for the Owl and Game-cock Colors. The steamboat *Mynhert Starin* has been chartered for members desiring to visit the squadron at Glen Cove.

RESUMING THE DISCUSSION of the general suggestions for the future of yacht-racing deferred for want of space a few weeks ago, I take up general propositions "D" (no time allowance between boats of the same class) and "E" (single-gun starts, and the first boat home to win), which remain to be disposed of. In connection with what will be here said, reference should be had to these columns in the WEEKLY of May 16th, 23d, and 30th, for these last two general propositions depend largely for their utility in practice upon propositions "B" and "C" being in use, viz., that boats should be *classified by measurement*, and that the classes should be numerous.

TO TAKE PROPOSITIONS "D" and "E" in inverse order, it appears that both the object and result of single-gun starts (the effect of which is that no allowance is made to a boat for any delay in starting) are to increase efficiency in handling boats on the part of owners and sailing-masters, and incidentally to improve the spectacle afforded the public. In brief, it makes the sport keener. The boats' relative positions at any time during a race are their actual positions (admitting that there be no time allowance). The work of sailing committees is vastly simplified. The interest on the part of those sailing the boats is increased. The importance of neglecting no opportunity is enforced upon each competitor. It is just as much a part of proper handling to get a boat to the starting-line, to obtain an advantageous position at the line—which means a position from which the line can be promptly crossed with good headway at or near its weather end—and to get away smartly and promptly, as it is to sail the boat during the race itself. Clearly also the effectiveness of the race to the on-looker and the interest therein are greater than if one is compelled to consult memoranda, and add or deduct differences of start, and mentally allow one way or the other for time allowance, and make an estimate based on these elements and upon the distance between the two boats, before one can decide which is really ahead in the race actually taking place before one.

MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, however, the result produced in practice, to wit, a shortening ordinarily of the interval between the crossing of the line by the first and last boats of a class, tends distinctly to prevent any accidental advantages or disadvantages arising during the course of the race to one competitor or the other from one experiencing better or worse conditions of wind, tide, or sea than the others. The boats are much more apt to cross approximately together, and to sail pretty much the same courses. One competitor is more likely to stick to another than to go off and "hunt for luck." Lingering behind the line in light weather which gives indications of a better wind coming has often sent a boat across the line five or ten minutes after her competitors (according to the interval allowed in the conditions of the race), with a much better wind, and brought her down upon them with a breeze of which they have not felt the effect, but which she has carried with her over the course, thereby picking up a perhaps very considerable distance, when, had they been subjected to similar conditions, a fairer race, a better test of the merits of the boats, and possibly a different ending would have resulted.

THE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR of doing away with time allowance are, as above noted, to a very great extent, dependent upon the subdivisions of boats into numerous classes. This must come (in time) from the steady increase in the number of yachts, which, be it observed, is a normal condition of the sport of yachting, as population and wealth increase. Where but few boats exist they will be of great disparity of size, in accordance with the purses and ambitions of their comparatively few owners, but where boats are numerous and classes are increased in number, each class will "fill." Divide the, say, 4000 yachts in this country into 25 classes, with the "size intervals" growing gradually greater between classes, and we shall have a fair number of representatives in each class, and a sufficient number, for all practical purposes, *at the head* of each such class.

THAT THE FULL BENEFIT of building *at the head* of classes may be attained, such classification should be based not upon one element alone, but upon all the elements that at the time acceptedly enter into "size." Two boats, for instance, might be at the head (or practically at the head) of, let us say, Class "X." One of them might exceed the other by several feet l. o. a., while at the same time she herself might be exceeded by her competitor in l. w. l. Either of the two might have the greater beam, and either the greater draught. One might have a much larger sail spread than the other. Yet, on whatever at the time was the accepted rule for ascertaining relative "size" in boats, they might (and properly so) be determined to be of equal size. If designing were not a science, if it had not its accepted formulæ, if knowledge of the principles which control it or are involved therein did not exist, then indeed it would be probably unfair to do away with time allowance. But it is within the capacity of every even fairly good designer to produce a boat which *must* come out, when the elements entering into her measurement have been computed, of a certain determinate "size," whether that size be expressed by the term "tons," and be computed in some fashion on her cubical capacity, or by her "rating" (the expression in England at the moment for the result of the application of their present rule of measurement to a boat), or whether that size be called "sailing length" (as the result obtained by applying our present system of measurement to a boat is herein styled).

IN OTHER WORDS, A DESIGNER *can* build a boat which in measurement *shall* equal another boat, whatever the rule of measurement is, and yet one which shall differ greatly from her by the favoring of some elements neglected in her, and the neglecting of others which she favors. This being so, and since openly and avowedly time allowance is *a mere approximation* (an attempt in a rough way, and in a rough way only, to equalize disparity in size), it is apparent that greater truth for the purposes of comparison of model will be developed where boats are *compelled to be built* of equal "size," under the penalty of the disadvantages which are the attendant results of being smaller.

THAT THE DRAWING UP of the cruiser as well as the handicap rules which have appeared in these columns is timely is evidenced by late utterances in the columns of several journals. In *Forest and Stream* of June 13th the question was editorially asked as to what provision it was proposed should be made concerning the measurement of boats for such races, whether they should be measured when in compliance with the rules or when stripped for racing, and what the result would be where they were found to exceed class limits when in ordinary sailing trim. So, also, in a late number of the London *Field*, the editor argues the question as to whether racing boats should be allowed to enter handicaps. Both these questions are disposed of in the rules which we have printed for these classes of matches, and, as it would seem, fairly and satisfactorily.

LACK OF SPACE necessitates completion of argument in later issue.

THE MEADOW CLUB'S TENNIS tournament at Southampton last week was successful, as usual, but there was considerable disappointment among the cottagers that none of the highest-class players could be induced to enter. Campbell and Huntington were present during the week, and their competing in the doubles made that event the feature of the tournament. But what interest would have been excited by another meeting in singles between those two fine players! The presence of such men as the Hall brothers, Ford Huntington, A. W. Post, and Richard Stevens always insures good play and an interesting tournament; but V. G. Hall is the only one of these who was last year ranked among the first ten players, and it is doubtful that his form thus far in the present season would entitle him to so high a position. It is a noteworthy fact that outside of Westchester, where the players were especially invited, and a particularly good time assured, the lawn-tennis enthusiasts in the vicinity of New York have had no opportunity this year to enjoy a meeting between two first-class players. Those of the highest skill seem to avoid each other in the early tournaments. This is very different from the condition of affairs four years ago, when the best men were accustomed to compete annually in the spring meetings at Orange, Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and Hoboken.

IT IS ALL VERY WELL to say that a match between second-class men is just as pretty to watch. But it is not, nor does a tournament with none but men of this class attract spectators. There is something in a match between players such as Huntington and Hobart, who played at Westchester, which appeals to the eye much more than an encounter between two of the second class. A tournament in which none of the first-class men compete loses half of its interest; and when any one of those men is able to enter, he should undoubtedly do so in the interests of the game. Without tournaments, lawn-tennis would quickly lose a large share of its popularity.

THE MOST INTERESTING and best-played match in singles last week was that between the Hall brothers in the semi-final round. The contest was close, but the elder brother this time turned the tables, and as he showed in better form than in any previous tournament of the season, he will probably improve from this time on. His easy victory over Ford Huntington in the final round, with the score of 6–2, 6–4, 7–5, earned for him the title of champion of Long Island, for Howard A. Taylor, who has held that honor for the past three years at least, did not appear to defend it. As already stated, however, the doubles event was quite the feature of the week's play. The good showing of the Torrence brothers, of Canada, excited great surprise. It was creditable to win a match from A. W. Post and Richard Stevens; but even more so, perhaps, to capture a set from Campbell and Huntington. The final match between the last-named pair and the Hall brothers was a pretty fight, and as E. L. Hall is more accustomed than Hobart to his brother's play in doubles, the winning of this match by Campbell and Huntington is something to indicate the probable result of the championship contest at Newport—assuming, of course, that Campbell and Huntington will defeat the Western pair.

THE FINAL MATCHES in two tournaments postponed on account of the rain of the week before were played off on Monday of last week. The most important was that at Chicago, where Mr. S. T. Chase, by defeating Mr. Cummins, became champion of the West, as

the present holder, Mr. C. A. Chase, defaulted in the championship round. During the last year S. T. Chase has improved more perhaps than any well-known player, and may give some of our Eastern "cracks" a surprise at Newport. He is not yet up to the form, however, which wins against all comers. At Montclair, Larned, of Orange, and Millett, of the New York Tennis Club, played a very pretty, and, as every one had expected, an extremely close match. The latter needed but one or two points in the fourth set to secure it and the match by three sets to one; and when he failed to capture these, he seemed to lose heart, and was easily beaten in the fifth set. Larned, whose score was 4-6, 6-1, 5-7, 9-7, 6-1, played a plucky up-hill game throughout the match, and deserved the prize, but I think Millett, aided, as he will be, by practice with the numerous skilful players of the New York Club, will prove the better of the two within a year.

THE SEABRIGHT CLUB tournament played a week ago attracted but little attention, although it ended with a very well-played match between Richard Stevens and A. W. Post, in which Mr. Stevens proved himself to be an admirable stayer. After being badly beaten in the first two sets, he braced in a surprising manner, and won the next three quite as easily. The score, which is worth reproduction, was 2-6, 1-6, 6-0, 6-3, 6-2.

THE ENGLEWOOD FIELD CLUB tournament, though a closed affair, being for the club championship cup, developed some play, especially among the women, worthy of comment. For the second time M. F. Prosser secured the cup, which another winning will make his own property. His only rival was Sheppard Homans, Jun., the Princeton "full back," who is playing good tennis; and his occasional games on the club's nine prove him to be an all-round athlete of some ability. He won first prize in the tennis singles, and, with his sister, captured the mixed doubles, and second prize with Herbert Coppell in the men's doubles. The playing of Miss Annie Burdett, Miss Lulu Mowry, and Miss Sallie Homans was excellent, and we shall undoubtedly hear of these young women in some of the coming open tournaments.

THE INTERCITY CRICKET MATCH between Boston and Philadelphia proved by no means the walk-over that had been expected for the Quakers. Indeed, had the Boston men wielded the willow with skill equal to that with which they handled the ball, they would have won readily. As it was, however, they played well enough to visit a surprise upon their opponents, and convince Philadelphians that if they wish to maintain the supremacy, their best eleven must be sent on to the field. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Philadelphia team, to its credit be it said, was composed exclusively of amateurs, whereas the bowling of the Longwood professional was mainly instrumental in keeping down the Philadelphia score.

I SHALL HAIL WITH PLEASURE the day that records the formation of a cricket association having power to act on this professional question. We have no more right to play professionals on cricket elevens than we have on base-ball nines, foot-ball elevens, crews, or any other team of gentlemen organized in amateur sport. The day was, when we were learning the game, that the services of a professional were necessary and instructive; but that time has past. We have now become proficient, or at least we have learned our lesson, and there remains no excuse for continuing the professional as a member of an eleven. Especially does this apply to match games. Every club should put itself on record as opposed to playing professionals, and some regulation should be made to that effect.

THE ANNUAL MATCH between Canada and the United States furnished another uncomfortably close finish for the American cricketers. The large score made by our representatives in Philadelphia last season is undoubtedly fresh in the minds of all followers of the game. This year the Philadelphians were entirely at the mercy of the Canadian trundlers, but the loyal subjects of her Britannic Majesty displayed their old weakness at the bat, and being in consequence unable to take advantage of their opportunities were compelled to sustain another defeat.

THE ROSEDALE CRICKET CLUB, of Toronto, may be a very good club of its class, but it is evidently flying too high when it undertakes to contest a game with the Germantown Cricket Club, of Philadelphia. The all too confident Kanucks recently had the unenviable distinction of enabling the crack Quaker City organization to complete a score which is likely to stand as a record for some time to come. Going in first on their own ground, Germantown rolled up the enormous total of 631, to which F. E. Brewster contributed 141, "not out"; G. S. Patterson, 135; F. Ralston, 92; F. H. Bohlen, 70; and W. Brockie, 63. Against this large score Rosedale was able to place only 59 runs in the first inning, while five of their wickets had fallen in their second attempt for 28 runs. As if to convince the Rosedale players that the first match was not altogether a fluke, Germantown met the Canadians again at Toronto, making short work of the opposing batsmen, and running up nearly 300 runs for the loss of three wickets. G. S. Patterson, who seems to have an especial liking for Canadian bowling, was "not out," with 146 runs to his credit.

WE HAVE BEEN HEARING from time to time of English women indulging in cricket on the other side, and now it comes our turn to talk a little about what our girls can do at the game. A week ago last Friday, on the lawn of Mr. H. H. Houston, at Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, a match was played between eleven ladies, captained by Miss E. R. Carpenter, and an equal number of the sterner sex. The conditions were that the men should bat, bowl, and catch with their left hands only, and permit the ladies to bowl at wickets composed of four stumps instead of the regular number. The ladies had, moreover, the benefit of a crease shortened at both ends for their bowlers. So well did Miss E. Pettit bowl, and so ably were her efforts seconded by her fellow-fielders, that the gentlemen were compelled to yield to their superior prowess by a margin of twenty-seven runs. There remain very few new fields of conquest for our girls. They have already been quietly practising polo at Newport and Meadow Brook. They ride infinitely better, in proportion to the number indulging, than we do. They drive single, double, tandem and four with equal skill, play tennis, shoot, hunt, row, sail, swim, and finally enforce our complete capitulation by capturing our hearts. Verily we are not "in it" nowadays.

THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE of the Germantown Cricket Club is nearly finished, and will be opened with appropriate ceremony about August 1st. The building is designed on a scale of magnificence hitherto not attempted by any similar organization, and is a fitting crown to the handsome ground on which it stands. The membership of the club having reached the limit mark (1000), the annual dues will be raised, in accordance with the original intention, from $10 to $25. It is a pleasure to congratulate the club on the great success it has achieved, for it is thoroughly deserved. It has always been American in sentiment, amateur in principle, and confined its membership to gentlemen. Such clubs are corner-stones in American sport.

THE FINAL GAME for the Oyster Bay Challenge Cup last week (Monday), between Oyster Bay and Morristown polo teams, proved to be the closest in a season of many close games. Morristown won, but by an accidental safety knock-out in the last three minutes of the game. The home team was allowed 11 goals, and made 3, while the visitors earned 14¼ goals. Team play in this instance, as it will in every other, won the day, the criticisms I made last week on Oyster Bay's want of team practice proving to be entirely justifiable; though they did do better than in the first game, for Morristown put up a harder game than had Essex, notwithstanding the fact that "back" Nicoll, of the former, is not so good as Robinson, of the latter. The three Morristown forwards—Day, Thorn, and especially Lord—did well, backing one another up, and never getting bunched. I take occasion to say here that if the Morristowns go on improving at the same rate, they are liable to make it very lively for some of the teams that concede them goals.

THE OYSTER BAY FORWARDS, on the contrary, were more frequently bunched than strung out, and failed signally to back up one another. They rode hard and played pluckily enough, but, with the exception of Ferguson, none of them appeared to have an idea of team play. This was pardonable, and naturally the result of no practice, but a feature decidedly not pardonable was the complacency with which, when the ball had been forced over their opponents' line, they would ride about chatting as though out for a morning's airing. In the mean time the ball would be in play and down the field before they emerged from social amenities into the business of polo. Ferguson left the field, without giving notice, to bandage a cut eye, and in his absence a goal was made; Thorp disobeyed orders, and sent a ball forward instead of back; while Underhill at one time got rattled, and knocked a ball directly in front of the goal posts, which cost another goal. Theodore Roosevelt refereed the game, and, as before, his work was thoroughly satisfactory. Ponies and players will now rest until August 17th, when play begins at Newport.

EVENTS TO COME.

AUGUST 17TH TO 29TH.

At the Westchester Polo Club Grounds, Newport:

Westchester Polo Club Cups. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. Open to all under the published handicap. Entries to be made before August 10th.

The Newport Cups. Offered by the Westchester Polo Club. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. No handicap. Winners of the Westchester Polo Club Cups, 1891, barred. Entries to be made before August 10th.

SEPTEMBER 2D TO 12TH.

At the Myopia Polo Club, Boston, Massachusetts:

Myopia Polo Cups. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. Open to all under the published handicap.

The Independence Cups. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. Open to teams whose aggregate number of goals under the published handicap do not amount to more than twenty. No handicap. Entries to be made before August 10th.

SEPTEMBER 14TH TO 19TH.

At the Hingham Polo Club, Hingham, Massachusetts:

The Alden Cup, offered by Mr. A. H. Alden, to be the property of the team winning it three times at the Hingham Polo Club Grounds, to be played for once in each year only. Under the published handicap open to all. Individual Cups added. Entries to be made before August 10th.

SEPTEMBER 21ST TO 30TH.

At the Philadelphia Country Club Grounds, Philadelphia. Prizes and conditions not yet named.

The Meadow Brook Autumn Cup, now held by the Rockaway Club, will be played for at a date to be fixed during September.

OCTOBER 5TH TO 10TH.

At the Morris County Country Club Grounds, Morristown, New Jersey. Prizes and conditions not yet named.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL PHANTOM tour of an English foot-ball team through this country is already put upon paper. As I have heard of this same visit being mapped out for several successive years, and watched it fade away before autumn, I cannot work up much enthusiasm upon the subject. I have seen some of the correspondence of the gentleman proposing the tour, and his plans look a little hazy. In the first place, he is right in presuming that a Rugby team, in order to make any showing or claim to honors here, must get on games with some of the best college teams. But he evidently did not give, in his plans, nearly enough consideration to the fact that the rules under which his team has been brought up and those of the American collegian are by no means the same. Nor would the college teams—I speak, of course, of the three leading elevens—be willing to adopt the Englishman's rules even for a single game, at a season of the year when every day's practice is of the utmost importance to them in the way of preparation for champion contests.

THE ENGLISH TEAM, therefore, would be obliged to learn the American game after it landed here, before it could hope to get a match with the prominent elevens. Some of the athletic club teams might, however, take them on for a game or two, but even then it would probably be necessary for the Englishmen to adopt pretty much all the American rules, at the sacrifice of some of their own most cherished customs. And finally, it would be necessary for the Englishmen to show quite clearly an amateur standing before the best of the athletic clubs could venture with them. This latter element in the problem is an important one, for a team which should come over for the purposes of revenue only would find that the status of foot-ball in this country is as yet strongly amateur.

THE YALE FOOT-BALL TEAM had hoped to rendezvous at Newport for the last week or two of vacation, and put in some hard practice preliminary to settling down to work at New Haven. Unfortunately for their plans, they were founded upon the trust that the members of the Westchester Polo Club would extend them the courtesy of their grounds during odd hours. It seems, however, that the invitation was not forth-coming, and although other fields were offered, they were none of them sufficiently in the nature of private grounds to suit the Yale captain. Something in this direction, however, may yet be accomplished.

THE NEWS BROUGHT BY THE CABLE that E. D. Lange, one of the Manhattan Athletic Club's team now in England, had been disqualified in the "walk" has caused some inquiry from those not well posted in athletic matters as to what constitutes a fair "walk." Many at the recent games of the N.Y.A.C. on Travers Island could not see any difference in the style of going between those who were stopped by the judge and those who were allowed to "walk" to the tape. It may console uninitiated ones to know that the judge himself very often experiences the same difficulty. The judge of walking has the most unpleasant office on the athletic field; his decisions sometimes give serious dissatisfaction to the disqualified walkers and their clubmates.

APROPOS OF THE GENERAL IGNORANCE on this matter, we have received a letter from Mr. R. F. Foster which covers the subject so entirely, we feel warranted in giving it space: "The main points of a fair athletic walk are, briefly: *One foot must always be on the ground.* This prevents the walker overstepping himself, and converting a walk into a series of small jumps. In the spurts made by professionals to show off, this is the style adopted. Dan O'Leary used to take steps six feet in length in his spurts, which is impossible in a fair walk. A walker would have an exceptionally fine stride who could fairly go forty-four inches at a step, because he would have to stretch that distance between the toe of one foot and the heel of the other. Thirty inches is the ordinary step in every-day walking. *The knee-joint of the leg that touches the ground must be 'locked.'* When the heel touches the ground in front of the walker, the knee-joint must be rigid, and the limb perfectly stiff, and it must be kept so until the moment of lifting at the end of the step. This is to prevent the walker stooping and reaching out with the forward foot more than his natural stride. The great requisite for a walker is rapidity of action and length of stride. The first is a natural gift, like fast sprinting; the other is acquired; and one who has not learned the 'gait' has no chance with the trained stepper.

"THE LENGTH OF STRIDE is acquired by constant practice of two motions—a rolling and a sinking of the hips. If you stand upright with the feet together and the head erect, the knee-joints stiff, and then advance one foot, you will find that it immediately leaves the ground, and forms a small arc of a circle in space. While you keep the knees rigid, it will not touch the ground again until within about an inch of the other heel. But now, if you stand erect as before, and then sink into one hip, say the left, by bending the left knee you will find that you can stand with the knee bent, and the left foot at least twelve inches in advance of the other, but firmly planted flat on the ground. If you now lock the left knee, and retaining the sunken position of the hip-joint, advance the left heel, you will find that you can plant it in the ground about eighteen inches in advance of the right heel. Now as the distance from the hip-joint to the ground is about thirty-six inches, you must have lengthened the left leg about four inches to gain so much, and as you can repeat the process on the right side by sinking into the right hip, you can really add four inches to the length of your legs!

"AS THE SINKING into the hip can only be done on one side at a time, the four inches on the back leg is gained by the lift of the heel, giving a spring upwards with the foot, so as to reach as far forwards as possible without actually 'lifting' the foot from the ground until the forward heel is planted. The hips are simply rotated on their vertical axis, so that the hip-joint of the advancing leg may be thrown forward at the same time. When we consider that on a spurt a walker takes about five steps a second, and the 'lift' only occupies a fraction of the step, it must be obvious that so-called 'close' judging is really nothing but guesswork; for all scientists agree that any motion quicker than one-tenth of a second cannot be followed by the eye. A lighted stick revolved faster than ten revolutions a second looks like a continuous wheel of fire." CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

PRIZES WON BY THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB'S TEAM IN PARIS, WHERE THE MANHATTAN MEN WERE FIRST IN EVERY EVENT BUT ONE, WHICH WAS TAKEN BY ANOTHER AMERICAN, MAPES, OF COLUMBIA.